

New Beginnings

by Xenongaf

Category: Halo, Red vs. Blue

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Director, Master Chief/John-117, North, Wash

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-06-21 15:05:32

Updated: 2015-11-17 11:53:49

Packaged: 2016-04-27 05:06:48

Rating: T

Chapters: 14

Words: 21,661

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The year is 2521, and the Forward Unto Dawn, containing John-117, was hurled into the past. But not the one as he knew it. The insurrectionists are bigger than ever and the Director of Project Freelancer has been tasked to eliminate them. Follow Chief as he battles against insurrection's with Project Freelancer.

1. Prologue

The Forward Unto Dawn shot away from the exploding installation causing the Master Chief to get almost knocked out of the ship.

"Chief!" Cortana shouted with concern. Chief quickly smashed his fist into the deck, stopping him temporarily, as if on queue, a Warthog tumbled out of the hangar almost crushing him. Using the grooves inside the hangar, he pulled himself up to the holo-projector where Cortana was. When he reached the pedestal, he glanced back at the Ark, which was engulfed in fire.

He then brought his attention back to Cortana and held onto the pedestal firmly. A familiar blue outline of a slipspace portal surrounded the vessel as it was pulled into the source of gravity. Suddenly, an explosion was heard back at the Ark. Chief Turned his head at the sound. _That's not possible, sound can't travel in space, _he pondered.

His thoughts were interrupted by a sudden shaking of the ship, tremendous vibrations shook the ship. A screech of metal sounded down the walkways and halls. It lasted for several seconds before it stopped abruptly. He realised they weren't accelerating anymore and felt the feeling of weightlessness take over his body.

"Chief, I have bad news", Cortana spoke sadly, "We won't be going back". Chief turned his head to her holographic figure and looked at her questioningly.

"When the Ark was destroyed, it sent a massive shockwave out to a one light year radius, when the Dawn opened a slipspace portal, the shockwave shoved the ship off course and collapsed the portal", She explained clearly. "Since we are stranded what should we do?" she asked. Chief didn't answer, instead he pulled Cortana's data chip out of the holo-table and held on to it as he floated down the hall.

Chief floated for a couple of minutes before he rounded a corner to find his destination, the cryo bay. Taking Cortana's data chip, he place it into the pedestal in the centre of the room. Her avatar popped up as she watched the Spartan place himself into a cryo tube.

"Wake me when you need me", was his final words before he froze.

2. Chapter I

The Mother of intervention slipped through space as if it were knife and soft butter. Inside the ship, numerous personnel buzzed around the ship, doing their jobs, from training in the arena to navigating and plotting courses for the ship to go.

Two people however were just sitting around the mess hall just chatting to themselves.

"So when are you getting your AI North", York spoke cheerfully, he had a habit of being laid back on board the ship.

"Probably next month", North replied just as cheerfully, "they say it takes days until they can create another AI fragment from the Alpha".

"That doesn't seem too bad, I heard Carolina gave up Sigma to Maine".

"What!", North exclaimed in disbelief, "why would she give up her AI, it's like the best enhancement you can get".

"Hush", York hissed, "the reason she gave Sigma away was so he could talk, he lost his voice when a insurrectionist cut his throat".

"That's like saying Carolina got her ass whooped by a sim trooper", North said with an eyebrow raised.

"Exactly, that's why thâ€¦", York was interrupted by an alarm.

'Attention, all freelancers report to the arena immediately'

"Damn, I think I'm going to the arena again", York guessed with a sarcastic tone. York got out of his seat and walked to the door, North after a few seconds shook his head and headed towards the same door.

* * *

><p>On the bridge the navigators were busy checking all sensors. One of them spotted something on his scanner. Quickly he put his hand to the microphone that rested on his ear.<p>

'_Director_' he started into the microphone, '_I have found_ something on the scanners_'.

'_It had better be worth my time navigator_', the Director replied in a irritated tone. The navigator gulped before replying.

'_Well it appears to be a slipspace anomaly coming from the bow of the Invention_' _he waited for the reply of the Director.

'_I'm sending orders to investigate, check your scanners again_'.

The navigator did as the Director told him.

* * *

><p>'Attention Bridge crew, this is Director Church, there is apparently an anomaly on the Bow of the Invention, your instructions are to plot an intercept course with the anomaly and check what it is, I want every scanning it, Director out'. As he ended the intercom, the entire room became a commotion.

A radio officer then started to pick up something on the radio.

'_â€dash three dash Sierra zero one one seven_' a female voice sounded. The operator kept listening. '_Mayday, mayday, maday. This is UNSC FFG-201 Forward Unto Dawn, requesting immediate evac. Survivors aboard. Prioritization code: Victor Zero Five dash Three dash Sierra Zero One One Seven'. _Immediately the officer contacted the Director.

'_Director we have a situation'_, she spoke slowly into the microphone of the headset.

'_What do you mean situation'_, he replied, his eyes narrowed at the possibilities.

_ 'We have an emergency call from what appears to be a Frigate known as the Forward Unto Dawn, it's got a high priority, Victor Zero Five'_, she could almost hear the Director thinking inside his head.

'_Have we got visual yet officer'_, he replied.

'_Negative, wait, we are coming into view sending the live feed'_, _when she saw the frigate, she could only gasp, the rest of the bridge crew stopped what they were doing and gazed in shock at the view.

The supposed Frigate was in a mess, the entire bow of the ship disappeared, almost as if it was cleanly cut with a knife of some sort. Dim lights flickered in the windows of the ship and bits of wreckage was pouring out.

"Holy Shit", one of the bridge crew spoke in awe, trembling. Something that sheared an entire part of the ship off spoke volumes of what an unknown weapon could do.

In another room, the Director and the Councillor stared with their mouths open in shock. Nothing they had seen could ever compare to the sight of the damaged Frigate. Quickly shaking his head, he opened the ship wide com unit.

'_Attention to all freelancers and pilots, cease all activities and report to the debriefing room immediately'_ . Agent York was just about to finish Colorado off with a roundhouse kick when the intercom sounded the announcement.

"Damn, almost finished you off Col", York remarked, he then leaned forward to help Colorado to his feet.

"How does it feel to be nearly beaten by me", York commented cheerfully.

"Hey, you only won since you had your AI", Colorado claimed with feigned irritation. The two walked side by side to the debriefing room. Surprisingly it was packed full of freelancer agents.

"Whoa", Colorado said surprised, "hasn't ever been this packed before". York nodded in agreement as they attempted to weave through the crowd of Freelancers and pilots. The two noticed Agent North waving them over from the far side of the room, quickly they pushed through the crowd before meeting up North.

However before they got the chance to even say a word, the Director walked in the room, along with the Councillor. The whole room suddenly stopped their conversations. Not even a squeak was heard.

"Thank you Freelancers and pilots, it has come to my concern that a UNSC Frigate was found only an hour ago on the scanners and a visual was made in less than eight minutes ago, what we found was disconcerting ", the Director paused for a moment before continuing, "the entire front of the ship was cut off from the back half, exposing numerous hallways and rooms from the middle of the ship".

Immediately the room exploded into murmurings, with the occasional shout of disbelief.

"Silence!", the Director roared in irritation immediately cutting off the chatter in the room. "We need ten volunteers on this mission, with the exception of the pilots, raise your hands if you want to go".

Three hands shot out of the crowd showing agents Kansas, Minnesota and Maryland. A few seconds after that four hands shot up, with Colorado, York, North and Ohio attached to them. Minutes passed and no one else put their hands up.

"Anyone else?", the Director questioned, "remember, this is a ten Freelancer mission to explore the interior of the ship".

One hand slowly rose from the crowd, the Director smiled. It was

Agent Washington, easily one of the best agents in the Freelancer program.

"Anyone else, this is the final call", the Director stated, "Freelancers, you are dismissed, volunteers stay behind to get your designations". He walked out of the room with the councillor in tow.

"Finally a mission where we can explore something without getting shot at", Colorado said, "plus we get to team up with Kansas, Minnesota and Maryland".

"Oh so you only put your hand up for the girls", York questioned with North raising an eyebrow. Colorado started to redden, causing North and York to burst out laughing and Ohio to roll his eyes.

"You guys for real?", Ohio asked. The three girls on the other hand.

"Washington and North are coming!", Kansas squealed excitedly, Minnesota was jumping up and down, whilst Maryland looked unimpressed.

'_What's so good about them' _she signalled in sign language. Kansas and Minnesota gave almost outraged looks at her which she shrugged. A few minutes later, the group walked to the hangar. A pilot and co-pilot were sitting on a ramp talking about something.

"And then I saw a huge ship, probably the size of a cruiser entering the atmosphere", the co-pilot explained. The pilot shook his head at his co-pilot and immediately went up to greet the approaching freelancers.

"I was told to take you guys to the wrecked Frigate, am I right?", the pilot asked nonchalantly. Washington nodded, the pilot motioned the group to follow him into the pelican, within minutes the pelican took off into the blackness of space.

3. Chapter II

"Holy cow!", exclaimed Colorado as they drew closer to the wrecked frigate. His eyes bulged out of its sockets as they took in the state of the ship.

"So the Director wasn't kidding", North commented, "it really was cut in half by some sort of weapon or accident".

'_Attention, we are approaching the wreckage in t-minus thirty seconds, better check your weapons and equipment before you go in'_

The team hastily started checking the weapons and equipment they brought with them. It was something unusual, considering the equipment and weapons were always checked and ready to use. But you never question orders in case they save your life.

Washington closed his eyes as he waited for the clunk of the pelican docking on the port of the wrecked frigate. The doors made a hissing noise as they pressurised the pelican, North and York looked at each

other and nodding their heads. Kansas, Minnesota and Maryland did nothing as they waited too.

The noise stopped and the doors whooshed open. The team split up into fours, with Ohio joining the females. As they spread apart walking into the dark halls, Maryland paused at a door numbers '07'. Quietly sliding it open, she found it was a crew cabin.

As she entered it, the lights flickered on and a screen turned on. Quickly she accessed the computer looking through the logs for any data concerning this ship's demise. Finding what she was looking for, she activated the recording.

"June 27 2552", a male voice sounded nervously, "It was just two days ago when they agreed going through that portal, and with the separatists?, I mean come on, those split jaw aliens deserve to pay the price".

Maryland just stared at the computer in mild confusion. The occupants of this ship had met aliens, which was strange since it would have most likely been revealed to the public. She looked at the date again and shook her head.

"Stupid data corruption", she whispered disdainfully. Tapping the play button, the recording resumed.

"-ce, for killing us in three decades of war, it's like having a bully suddenly being nice to you, not really easy to forgive them for everything they've done to you. So anyways, it has been real hectic with everyone buzzing around the Elites Assault carrier. Did I mention it was huge, like freaking five kilometres. I mean it could fit literally ten frigates in it, anyways, I've got to wrap this up, so goodbye", the recording ended with a bleep.

Maryland now even more confused stood still for five minutes on the spot staring into the distance. Her thoughts were interrupted by Kansas who had just come into the room.

"Maryland, snap out of it!", she screeched into the coms, sending Maryland back to reality. Kansas looked at the computer and walked over to it. Taking out a memory drive, she inserted it into a port and started downloading the data taking five seconds before pulling it out and motioning Maryland to follow her out.

"Wonder how the guys are doing", Kansas said into the microphone.

* * *

><p>Meanwhile with the guys.<p>

"Oh come on stop doing that", Colorado complained, receiving stares from the other three.

"What do you mean Col?", North questioned, "we're not doing anything". Colorado looked nervously from side to side, making the other three suspicious of their surroundings.

"It's my HUD, something's messing with all my helmet functions", he replied timidly, "and there's this scary little video playing in the bottom right hand corner".

This provoked an action from Washington, reaching for the button on his helmet, he activated HUD sharing function. Instantly all his systems went fuzzy except for a small video in the bottom right hand corner. Instinctively he averted his eyes away from the video.

Disconnecting his HUD from Colorado he stood up taller than usual.

"Be wary, a virus is on the loose, reboot all your helmet functions", Washington informed them. They did as he said.

As they walked down the down the hall way, an elevator shaft opened and closed in a continuous pattern. York walked over to it and kicked the door. It didn't budge. Grabbing an explosive gel canister from his armour, he began laying the substance on the hinges of the doors.

Finishing it off he stepped back two metres before firing a bullet from his magnum. The doors blew off their hinges and clattered to the ground resulting in a loud sound bouncing back and forth through the hall.

"Well so much for a quiet entrance", North commented with an eyebrow raised.

North, York, Washington and Colorado stepped on the elevator, before it automatically started to climb the shaft, it was only a couple of seconds before they heard a soft 'ding' and the doors opened to reveal the bridge.

The room had most of it's lights functional, and it was relatively intact. Unfortunately no bodies littered the area and surprisingly it looked as if the place was cleaned and tidied recently.

"Looks like someone was expecting guests", York joked as he split from the group and accessed the bridge controls.

"Hey Delta, mind giving me a hand in getting the data".

"Yes Agent New York", Delta replied, within minutes all the data was downloaded onto the chip sized hard drive. York took a peek at the data.

"All this data seems to correlate with an event known as the Human-Covenant war, it's weird because it says it's 2553 on their databanks, but we're in 2525", York said uneasily.

"Let me see that", North said grabbing a data pad from a nearby table and motioning for Delta to send the data. His eyes widened under his helmet.

"Washington your going to want see this", North said in the same uneasy tone York had. Washington held out his hand and pushed the pad away.

"Save it for the Director", he said in a commanding voice, "right now we need to find if there is any survivors on board". North nodded silently.

"Any idea's where we can find a survivor?", York asked warily.

Colorado, who was oblivious to the conversation going between them, had accessed a terminal and was going through the ship when he found the cryo bay with a weak life signature.

"Got it!", he exclaimed, gaining the attention of the others quickly.

"Got it?", York questioned as the group walked towards Colorado stopping only a metre from him.

"You know, the cryo bay", Colorado said excitedly, "where you freeze yourself in slipspace".

Suddenly, Washington's, York's and North's minds clicked together as they figured out where to find the survivor.

"Col, is there a life sign in the cryo bay?", North asked urgently.

"Yea, but it's really faint", Colorado said with a frown, "probably in one of the cryo tubes".

"Let's go then", Washington ordered, immediately all of them jogged to the cryo bay making loud clanks on the floor.

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><p>"Can't you get this door open Ohio", Minnesota complained annoyingly causing Ohio to grumble and kick the door hard, making a dent in the steel.<p>

"Shut up will you", he whispered harshly, causing her to stiffen. They were inside a corridor trying to access the armoury. Minnesota looked around waiting for Kansas and Maryland to show up.

Suddenly, a sound of something heavy was clattering heavily on the metal floor, causing her to bring the magnum and aim it in the direction of the noise. A few seconds later, Washington, York, North and Colorado came sprinting down the hall.

After realizing they were the source of noise, she motioned them over to herself. They acknowledged her and slowed down.

"What's up Minnesota", North said urgently, he was desperate to get somewhere in a rush. She blushed for a second then quickly cleared her face.

"We need some help opening the door to the armoury, but it's locked and we can't get it open", she explained. North motioned for York to come over to him.

"Hey York", North asked, "mind if you quickly hack the door open". York nodded before kneeling at the pad, before long, the door opened.

The sight of an assortment of weapons surprised them.

"Woah", York commented, "that is a whole bunch of badass weapons". The six of them walked into the room to gaze at the sight.

On the far left wall sported ten large weapons labelled 'M6 Galilean Nonlinear Rifle' on another wall, five oddly shaped weapons labelled 'SAW' and ten smaller magnums covered the wall. Other weapons include a new and improved assault rifle and sniper rifle.

"We are definitely taking this back to the Director", North almost squealed whilst admiring the sniper rifles, "but we need to get to the cryo bay and find that survivor".

All of them nodded before rushing out of the armoury and running to the bay.

The coldness inside the cryo bay made them shiver, despite them wearing armour with a temperature regulator. The darkness didn't help them either. The six agents turned on their helmet flashlights showings a medium sized room filled with empty pods. Except for one.

"Wonder who's in there", Colorado commented as they drew closer. Wiping a hand over the glass did not work as the sheets of ice cover the interior.

"What should we do with the pod", Ohio asked. The freelancers began working their minds.

"We should open it and see who's inside", Colorado suggested.

"What if he didn't have any breathing gear, he would suffocate whilst waking up", York scolded Colorado.

"Why not move the entire pod with a power source and open it inside the Mother of Invention. Besides this cryo bay is close to the surface of the frigate", Minnesota offered.

"That was pretty genius Minnesota", North commented, causing her to blush under her helmet.

* * *

><p>A few minutes later all eight Freelancers had assembled at the cryo bay, busy cutting the roof with the exception of Ohio and Washington, who were reconnecting the pod to a new power source. With a loud screech, the ceil came off and revealed the black inky space.<p>

Finishing connecting the power source, Washington noticed a data chip in the middle terminal. Yanking it out, he placed it inside his right thigh armour compartment.

_ 'Pelican 045, change of plans in extraction, pick us at these coordinates, Washington out' _

In only a few short seconds did the pelican appear for extraction. Gently attaching the pod with it's power source on first, the team eventually filed in with Maryland going in last. The pelican then flew towards the Mother of Invention.

4. Chapter III

The Pelican landed with a thump as it made contact with the metal hangar floor. Immediately the team started to carefully unload the cryo pod onto the floor. They hadn't even touched the ground when the directors voice interrupted them.

_ 'Leave the Pod in the pelican, the offloading crew will be arriving shortly, in the meantime I want the team in my office for debriefing' _

The group complied and started to the Directors office, before they could even do that ;however, Colorado raced ahead of the group, slipping out of view, it was only after a few minutes of walking did they faintly hear the sound of something being sprayed against the wall inside the bathroom. Several seconds later and Colorado walked out feeling better.

They passed a couple of soldiers and engineers on the way to the Directors office, many just ignored them and continued on their work. Others that were new just stared at them with some awe and jealousy. Passing the mess hall, they caught a couple of freelancers snuggling together in the corner of the room before they continued on.

Arriving at the front of the Directors office, all of them took a deep breath before entering the room. It was quiet with only soft murmurings from the Councillor to the Director, none of them leaned in to hear what the two were saying. Finally the Director turned and faced them, they immediately stood at attention.

"I assume everything is well agents?" the Director asked, all of them nodded their heads. He crossed his arms behind his backside and crinkled his face into a frown.

"Then you must know about the virus Agent Colorado's helmet contracted", he questioned, only Washington, Colorado, York and North nodded their heads, the other four turned their heads and gave them a questioning stare.

"Sir", Washington started.

"No, I want to see what made agent Colorado talk to himself on the radio", the Director interrupted. Col looked down at the floor, red in the face and ashamed of himself, the other agents could not anything other than look at him pitifully.

The Director then swiftly strode over to his desk, he reached down and picked up a data pad and started rapidly tapping on the pad. Instantly, the room started to come to life, lights dimmed down being barely visible, trapdoors opened in the floor revealing rising seats, metal blinds covered the windows and a huge screen popped out from a nearby wall.

As the agents and the Councillor made their way to the seats, the Directors double tapped on the data pad, a video was brought up to the screen showing video footage of Colorado's HUD, the Director pressed play.

The video began when the airlock opened and they stepped into the dim corridors of the ship. The Director and the Councillor watched intently as they started moving through the halls and occasionally entering large rooms. Ten minutes into the video, the screen started getting fuzzy, Colorado's blue and red hand started tapping at the visor.

'What the heck is happening' the video Colorado mused.

A few seconds later, a small video started playing in the bottom right hand corner of the screen. The Director double tapped on his data pad and the screen zoomed in on that particular spot.

A grotesque looking creature was staring back at the screen; three antenna looking appendages stuck out from a stump on the top of the torso, the right arm looked human and was holding an SMG, the other arm, however, was snapped in half creating a claw like appendage. A human head, was bent in an unnatural angle carrying a shocked face.

It began hobbling at a rapid pace towards the screen. As it was about to attack the camera, an armoured hand shot out from the screen and punched it in the face, creating an explosion of guts and skin. Every one looked away or covered their mouths in disgust.

The video switched, showing a organic looking interior, with purple metal occasionally sticking out.

'oh come on stop doing that' Colorado's recorded voice said.

The Agents in the video were faintly talking about something. The Director then tapped the pad, pausing the video.

"I have a feeling that our answers lie within that cryo pod", the Director said suspiciously. The agents nodded their heads and started filing out.

"One more thing agents", the Director asked, "you will say not a word to anyone or any other soul about this, am I clear?"

"Yes Director", the agents chorused. They then disappeared after walking through the door.

The Director sighed, massaging his temples in a circular motion. The Councillor was visibly spooked by the video. A small ding was heard on his desk signifying someone wanted to speak with him. Walking over the desk, he pressed the button softly.

"What is it", the Director drawled, obviously tired from working and paperwork.

'We got a situation on our hands sir' the intercom replied nervously. Instantly scrunching his face into a frown, the Director replied back.

"What do you mean 'we have a situation'".

_'The cryo tube is thawing, apparently the power source was actually heating the pod, only a few minutes till the occupant is

awake'._

"I'll be down there with everyone, bring it to the arena", the Director finished. Quickly turning around, he beckoned the Councillor to follow him. They both walked briskly to the arena, taking corridors and elevators to their intended destination.

Walking up to the intercom, the Director held the microphone up to his mouth. "Attention, All agents are to report to the arena deck", he instructed.

Only two minutes, and nearly all agents were at the arena with only a few lagging behind. Agent Alaska arrived at the arena flustered under her helmet, she was just practicing at the sniper range and had to sprint to the arena. It didn't help that she was 6ft 3in tall and almost stumbled into a shorter agent. Taking a small breath, she slipped through the crowd of agents silently and eventually pushed to the front to see a cryo pod in the centre of the room.

_ 'Attention agents the pod is cracking, repeat the pod is thawing'_ a voice over the intercom spoke. Almost immediately the agents assembled got into battle ready positions. The distinctive hiss of a cryo pod thawing filled the room. Slowly, the lid lifted upwards on it's hinges.

A dark green figure stumbled out of the pod and fell on it's knee. It slowly lifted it's helmet and a gold visor met their own.

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><p>Hey my fellow readers.

**It has been very hard for me in the last couple of days, lots of school work and not enough inspiration to help me write the chapter.
**

But I do my best to bring you a good storyline.

By the way, the next chapter is going to be action packed

I won't spoil anything for you,

**Sincere Regards, **

Xenongaf :)

5. Chapter IV

Chief looked up to find thirty agents looking straight at him. Taking a few deep breaths, he waited for something to happen. Fortunately that wish came true a few seconds later.

_ 'Attention cryo pod occupant, you are to get up with your hands in the air'_ a female voice spoke over the intercom.

Chief became confused, why didn't they recognize him as a Spartan. Taking a quick glance around the room, he found two exits. Completing his analysis, he realised he didn't have Cortana with him. Another thing was that the agents were wearing similar armour to him.

'_Attention cryo pod occupant, you are to get up with your hands in the air'_ the female voice repeated.

Slowly, Chief raised both his arms in the air and stood straight. Two of the agents emerged from the crowd holding restraining devices. (Recommended you put the song 'Black Betty' on to make this feel awesome).

In an instant Chief jumped at them with inhuman speeds. Grabbing both of their necks, he swung them around himself and then threw them at the crowd knocking nine agents to the ground, all of this was done in three seconds.

'_All agents, engage the hostile'_, the Director spoke over the intercom. Chief just charged through the crowds, punching and kicking agents down without any resistance and shouldered through the exit as if it were paper.

* * *

><p>"What the hell was that Director", the Councillor growled. The Director just as furious slammed his fist into the desk.<p>

"I don't know what that damn thing was", the Director admitted begrudgingly, "but it has armour similar to ours, which means a rival project has been created to counter us".

'_Director, our cryo occupant is currently running rampant around the Mother of Invention, we have no way of stopping him'_ __, FLYSS spoke over the desk speakers.

"What do you mean 'him' FLYSS?", the Director asked curiously.

'_I took a quick biological scan of, but his armour prevented me from doing a more accurate scan, I also found his brain activity to be higher than an average human'_ __

The Director slammed a button on the desk sounding the alarm. He turned to the Councillor and threw him a data chip and signalled him out the door. The Councillor nodded and hurried out of the room leaving the Director be himself in the room.

* * *

><p>Chief sprinted down the hallway, shouldering through soldiers, medics, technicians and pilots. After a while of running around the ship, a couple of freelancers caught up to him though clearly out of breath.<p>

Pointing his pistol at Chief, York breathed heavily whilst cursing with every intake.

"Look we can do this the easy way or the hard way", York asked while huffing. Chief just looked at York before sprinting at him. York

managed to squeeze off one shot before getting a punch to the chest, knocking him off his feet.

The other freelancers opened fire on the Chief, doing no effect as his shields shimmered. Snatching the pistol from Yorks limp hand, he expertly disarmed them all with three shots, then punched them each in the helmet, knocking them into unconsciousness. He sprinted in the opposite direction.

A few minutes later another four agents ran down the hallway to find an embarrassing sight to behold. Alaska shook her head at the four freelancers lying on the ground. Most of them were at the bottom of the leader board, except for York, who was in the top ten. Colorado just snickered at the helplessness of the unconscious agents.

"Come on, we have keep following it", Florida said, they nodded before sprinting down the hall.

* * *

><p>Chief arrived at the room labelled 'Experiments', hoping it would contain Cortana, he twisted the handle. It broke into sixteen pieces. Undeterred by this, he took six steps back before running at top speed into the door. Smash! The metal twisted and crumpled into an odd shape, laid on the floor. Chief continued into the room, analysing it before realising Cortana would not be held here. He bolted out of the room bumping into Alaska, who promptly fell on her bottom. Instantly the other agents engaged Chief in hand to hand combat. Alaska crawled away from the fight with a DMR cradled in her arms.<p>

Chief grabbed one of the fists thrown at him and jerked the assailant behind him roughly sending him into the wall. The agent clutched his helmeted head and groaned before flopping on the floor. Clenching his fist, Chief threw a lightning fast punch at agent Colorado's chest knocking the breath out of him. As he was about to block agent Florida's sideswipe, a projectile hit him, stunning him temporarily which let Florida hit him. He grunted as the fist made contact, but head butted Florida then tossing him into the room 'Experiments'.

Quickly he scanned his surroundings for the person who shot him, but he only found an empty hallway. Turning to leave, he noticed a slight distortion near one of the pillars holding the ships superstructure above his head. Raising his pistol, he squeezed two shots at the distortion. Nothing happened at first other than the sound of metal crashing against metal. Then the distortion disappeared, revealing the agent he bumped into earlier.

As agent Alaska tried to stand, her arm muscles suddenly gave a spasm and she collapsed again. Chief strode over to her weak form. Alaska tried move fruitlessly away from his approaching form. Chief knelt over to her and pulled a small can from one of his armour compartments. Quickly he jabbed the pointed end of the can into one of her gun wounds and sprayed the foam into it. Alaska winced as it touched her sensitive wound.

Quickly getting up Chief sprinted again down the hallway still searching for Cortana.

Alaska laid there confused. _Why did he help me?_, she questioned in her head.

* * *

><p>The Councillor was surrounded by agents, who were acting as escorts for the time being in the situation. Getting to the laboratory was easy. Avoiding the mysterious green armoured giant, not so much. They had to stop at the armoury for a while to gather some specialised gear. The Councillor picked up a pistol with three magazines. Maine, Carolina and North were searching for plasma pistols and rifles to help combat the unknown enemy while Georgia was on watch outside the armoury.<p>

"Any sight of that thing Georgia?", Carolina asked.

"None so far Carolina", he replied.

Suddenly, the sound of heavy metal feet slamming against the floor rapidly filled the armoury. Immediately Carolina and Maine stopped searching for weapons and bolted outside, forget their weapons. North sighed and kept clawing through the heap of weapons.

Carolina and Maine got through the doorframe to find a limp Georgia flying at them. Carolina ducked under George, leaving Maine to take the brunt of the body, he fell onto the floor in a dazed heap. Carolina stood up and started to circle around the Chief, who was looking back at her without flinching.

"So, what's your name big guy", she asked, cocking her head questioningly at him.

"Sierra-117", he replied in a gravelly voice. Carolina was almost taken aback by this reply. Usually they would give them a last name or even a full name before fighting. But all he gave her was a call sign which never worked well with her. Working herself into light foot work, she kept circling him, waiting for the first strike. Chief just stood there, motionless with only his head tracking her.

As if on que, Maine burst out the door, charging at the Chief, only to be smack away with a back hand. Maine stumbled away into the wall. Quickly using the distraction, Carolina faded into the environment using the camouflage module in her suit. Chief quickly turned back to face Carolina, only to receive a boot in his visor. Stumbling around, cursing under his breath, Chief looked closely at the wall, and a slight outline of a figure was present near the wall. Launching himself at the outline, he barely even felt the body that he had almost crushed under his weight. Putting a knee up to the chest of the still camouflaged agent. He chucked an EMP onto the body and then jumped out of the way just as the bomb went off. The camouflage flickered off and the aqua armour of agent Carolina came into view.

Just as he was about to knock her out with an uppercut, agent Maine came barrelling towards him. Simply taking a few quick paces to the side, he missed the charge. Maine stumbled to a halt and turned to face him. Growling loudly, Maine pounced on him, only to be violently kicked into the nearest steel brace , bending the metal. Carolina's eyes widened in shock and awe. Chief then turned to her small form and proceeded to plant a vicious kick to her helmet, denting the

metal and knocking her unconscious.

Walking into the armoury, he found Georgia and the Councillor aiming their weapons at him. In an instant he rolled under the aimed guns and kicked upwards, knocking the weapons out of their hands. Taking out his pistol, he aimed at the unarmoured Councillor. Both the Freelancer and the Councillor rose their hands slowly.

A small dot appeared on the Councillor's hand from Chief's HUD. A name was tagged on the side of it. It was Cortana. Quickly snatching the chip from the Councillor's hand roughly, he inserted it into his helmet, the icy mercury feeling filling his head.

_ 'Took you long enough' _ Cortana in an annoyed voice, though Chief knew it was a façade.

"Knew you'd miss me", he replied in his usual baritone voice. With lightning speed, he knocked the Councillor out with the butt of his pistol and head butted George hard enough to send him into unconsciousness.

"Cortana, what's the objective?", Chief asked, Cortana looked at him from the HUD with a surprised expression.

"Objectives? Chief, we aren't fighting a war, there is no missions for you to complete", she tried to explain. Shaking his head, he started down the hallway in search for a transport to get off the ship.

After running for minutes, knocking out or disabling both freelancers and marines, he finally reached the hanger bay, which was surprisingly empty of personnel. Running through the assortment of numerous vehicles, Chief found a single occupant fighter not unlike the experimental YSS-1000 'Sabres', the main difference was that there was only one engine, a less sleek design and a noticeable bulge on the undercarriage. Regardless, he climbed into the cockpit and inserted Cortana into the systems.

"Chief I'm opening the hangar doors, get ready to fly at moments notice", she said calmly. Chief nodded silently and prepped the engines.

The sudden sound of depressurization filled the entire hanger, the doors then opened to reveal the empty expanse of space. The fighter lifted off the ground and took off rapidly. Unbeknownst to them, a small tracking device had been planted onto the ship.

* * *

><p>The Director angrily pounded the desk. All the assorted agents cringed when they saw the Director fuming.<p>

"How could you let that single person infiltrate the ship, take a valuable asset and steal a fighter", He ranted furiously. Everyone looked at each other in fear.

The Director then relaxed slightly, though keeping his disappointed look on his face. "Well that goes to show that we need to make higher expectations for the agents here, not even Carolina stood a chance against him".

All the agents eyes widened in surprise and all turned to see an embarrassed Carolina red in the face. The Director put his face in his hands whilst rubbing his temples.

"Director", said a soft voice. Looking up he saw agent Alaska waiting for him to respond.

"What is it agent Alaska", he asked.

"I slipped a tracking device onto the fighter before he took off, we might be able to track him", she explained quietly. The Director's eyes widened in amazement.

"That is a wonderful suggestion agent Alaska", he replied, causing her to smile a little under her helmet. Standing from his desk, he grabbed the data pad and tapped on the small screen. A screen popped out from the wall and began displaying a model of a ship before zooming out to show the planet it was approaching.

"Freelancers", he addressed to the armoured individuals, "gather your equipment, we are tracking down this individual". All of them snapped to attention, before leaving his office to go to their respective lockers and rooms.

The Director then turned to the screen displaying the location of the tracked ship.

"FLYSS, tell our crewmembers to plot a course to Epsilon Eridani", he ordered.

"As you wish Director", the AI said before leaving him alone in the office.

**Hey me fellow readers, **

I am so sorry with the delay, so much assignments and school work tends to shorten the chapter and halt the progression of my stories. The Ar-Didact story is getting it's chapter released soon (Maybe). If there are any mistakes in this chapter, please point it out to me respectfully as I was in a hurry to release the next chapter for you guys.

Hope this doesn't deter you from reading my stories. :)

From Xenongaf,

6. Chapter V

They had been flying for a few hours and already Chief was become anxious about the situation. Something was wrong about this place and he intended to find out. Checking the monitors on the 'SV-200' experimental fighter, he noticed that it contained a slipspace drive integrated with the engines and was fully charged.

"Cortana", he spoke quietly, "I need you to give a pair of coordinates to the nearest UNSC fortress world". An image of Cortana appeared on his HUD and had a raised eyebrow at him.

"Which one Chief?", she asked curiously. Chief stoically looked beyond her image and watched the stars light up in the vast emptiness of space.

"Reach", he replied, waiting for the AI to do her calculations. A few seconds later, a red transparent button lit up and Chief tapped it softly to initiate the jump.

"Director, the signal is making a slipspace jump to the Epsilon Eridani system, more specifically the fortress world Reach", a navigation officer informed the Director. He nodded slowly before turning to face the holographic display of the tracked ship approaching the model of a planet.

"FLYSS", the Director asked the AI.

"Yes Director?"

"Bring up the supply manifest of the ship". His request was acknowledged and the amounts showed that the ships supplies were running very low. He also needed to contact the united nations ship interiors for a fix up in the mainframe, it would be expensive to replace, but he needed it in top shape for the personnel to use.

"Command bridge, take us to Reach"

"Will do Director"

The familiar blue slipspace outline appeared outside the window. The vessel slowly inched itself into the portal until it was fully absorbed into the subspace realm.

Chief arrived out of slipspace and into the range of Reach's orbital MAC platforms. As the guns turned to face him Chief attempted to open a line to them.

"This is Sierra-117, authorisation code: 0995743, permission to enter atmosphere at coordinates X:10032 Y:1384 Z:334022?".

The radio was silent the while before the static appeared again.

"Sierra-117, you are cleared for in atmospheric flight. What part of ONI are you from?", the operator asked. Chief didn't really want to give away his status just in case people started to crowd around, he just wanted a place to rest for a while.

"ONI Section 3, Bravo-3, Special Warfare division", Chief half lied. He could faintly hear thanks to his augmentations the operator losing his composure and swearing in the background.

"Continue on and have a pleasant day on Reach", the operator said with some shakiness. Chief then guided the fighter into the atmosphere of Reach.

It was about two hours until he had reached his destination and brought the craft into a horizontal landing position. With a hiss, the cockpit windshield slid forward and Chief heaved himself out of the cockpit landing on the ground roughly.

Taking a look at his surroundings, he was surprised that the landscape was without a trace that the Covenant had been here. It was almost as if the Covenant had never even visited the place.

Chief's mind then suddenly processed what his theory could possibly infer. If the Covenant wasn't here, then that would explain the reactions of those armoured soldiers on that ship and why the operator wasn't reacting like he was some hero.

"Cortana, can you hack into one of the satellites in orbit?", Chief asked with uncertainty laced into his tone. Cortana appeared on his HUD and nodded at him.

"I can try my best, what do you want me to find?"

"The date, recent events and projects", he replied still with uncertainty. It only took a heartbeat or two for Cortana to gather the information.

"Chief? Is this some kind of joke", she suddenly spoke with fear tinged in her synthetic voice.

"What is it Cortana?", he asked. Numbers suddenly appeared on the HUD and then disappeared, leaving three words.

'**2521 November 15**'

Chief just stared at the electronic visor and fell to his knee's. So many things were going through his mind, but one thing was for certain, it should be impossible for him to exist this long ago. The war would begin again and he had endure again.

Getting over his sorrows, Chief got up from his kneeling position. He then started to sprint quickly in the north direction.

"Chief! What are you doing?"

"Visiting a place that might contain answers", he replied evenly.

It took five minutes of running to reach the location he was looking for. A large compound was built before them. An electric fence surrounded the land and concrete structures stood sturdily just as Chief remembered it, just as John remembered it.

He shook his head getting rid of any memories and searched the fence for an entrance.

The crunching of footsteps alerted him to his surrounds and sure enough on his motion tracker, a yellow dot was approaching him. Quickly, he hid behind a large tree with bushes and tall grass camouflaging him completely. The human just walked on as if nothing happened. Chief scowled at the man. This was one of the people from 'Tango Company', a group of marines that antagonised the Spartan candidates and injured them in a number of ways that would deter any normal person.

The Spartan waited until the marine walked out of view before stepping out of his hiding spot.

Looking around, he searched for the hole until his eyes landed on a hastily laid pile of leaves. To anyone else, it looked like a regular pile of fallen leaves. To John's eyes however, it was the perfect concealment for the hole.

Dropping down onto one knee, he quickly dug the leaves from the hole and crawled through, being careful not to touch the electrically charged metal above his body. He slipped through without a sound.

Chief quietly prowled around the grounds, watching his motion tracker and the physical outlines of the guards.

Leaning against a buildings wall, more specifically the garage. He closed his eyes and attempted to remember the layout of the place. Ten seconds later, he found what he was looking for. The tall structure acted like a communications towers, but also contained classified information only Dr Halsey knew about.

Chief remembered vaguely about a conversation between her and someone on comms.

_ "I know Director Hanson I'm working on sending the secret files to you, just give me one more day to compile it completely", Halsey harshly replied to the operator on the hologram before hanging up and walking away from the terminal.' _

Chief knew this was something that connected him to his past. Silently, he opened a door to the building nearest to him and walked in without making another sound.

There was chatting in the hallways, but his motion tracker said otherwise and he continued forward. Reaching the end of the corridor, he was about to tug the door open when a young girl about ten years old walked around the corner. Sharp brown eyes met his golden visor and for about one minute they stared.

"Who are you and state your business", the girl ordered him. Chief couldn't help but admire the girl's bravery to face him even though he was a giant compared to her.

"Master Chief Petty Officer", he replied with a stony tone. She glared at him.

"You haven't finished my question, what is your business".

"Answers to my past", Chief replied evenly. He turned on his heels and yanked open the door accidentally ripping it off it's hinges. Berating himself for using his strength, he turned to see if the girl was still there. She was still there, but had a look of awe and fear when he held the door in one arm.

Quickly, he fled the scene and left the girl.

Inside the Mother of invention

"Director we have direct coordinates of the tracking device on Reach", a Navigational Officer said. The Director gave the officer a nod before walking down to the holographic map. The numbers of the

coordinates appeared briefly before showing an error message. The Director scowled.

"Navigation officer", he growled, "why is an error message when we are trying to access the coordinates?".

"Apparently this is clearance that only ONI has access to and any unauthorized personnel are to be eliminated on site without question".

The Director pondered on this before going to the communication station. Sorting through the contacts, he found the one he was looking for and opened a line to the person in interest.

"Ah, if it isn't Director Church of project freelancer", a cold voice greeted him. An image of a thin old man with frightening blue eyes, "how may I help you".

"I'm here to get authorization on coordinates X:10032 Y:1384 Z:334022", he requested calmly. The old man's eyes widened in an instant before narrowing them.

"And why should I authorize entry on those grounds?".

"We are hunting an unknown entity that has stolen our experimental SV-200 slipspace fighter and come from a slipspace rupture, apparently as the sole occupant of an abandoned vessel, the 'Forward unto Dawn'", the Director explained, hoping that the old man would let him proceed with his plans.

"Director, this is Section 3 security clearance 'Sierra', I can't do much for you other than try connecting you to the head of the grounds, now if you excuse me, I have a conference to attend".

The Director just nodded and ended the conversation.

"FLYSS?", the Director asked.

"Yes Director?", the AI replied dutifully.

"Get my into contact with the head of that territory, I will not let expensive technology be stolen!", the Director growled. He walked to the holographic table, "Send in recovery squad number one".

"Yes Director", FLYSS said before sending her different subroutines to inform the said group.

Inside the mess hall.

Most of the freelancers were eating lunch and chatting to each other at a rapid pace, mainly about the mysterious being that caused so much mayhem on the ship. All except for Agent Alaska and Agent Maine, the former being a shy person and the latter having to recuperate in the medical bay after his rough ordeal with the green hulk of armour.

Alaska sat silently contemplating about the unknown man. She had foolishly engaged him and most likely could've ended up dead or in intensive care had he not restrained himself to not deliver the final blow. In some part of her head, she wanted to say a thank you or

something for not hurting her badly.

The train of thought disappeared when she heard FLYSS on the ship's intercom.

"All members of recovery squad one, please report to the bridge immediately".

Instantaneously, the members of the mentioned squad made a beeline to the exit that would lead them to the bridge.

Agents Wyoming, Alaska, Michigan, Maryland, Ohio and Arizona all strode at a quick pace, indicating that they were eager to get some action. When they arrived at the doors, they paused, patiently waiting for the door to slide open.

It opened and they strolled in only to pause at the Director's display of anger.

"I will not tolerate this now, I need to apprehend an unknown entity that is currently at your 'secret' place of operations Halsey, if you do not let me land my freelancers there, then I will be forced to take extreme actions", the Director finished with a heavy sigh. It was silent until about five seconds.

"I will consider your option Director Church", an irked voice carried over the Communications, "but you will have to abide by my rules once your _Freelancers_ have been deployed, understood?".

"Yes Halsey", he replied.

"Goodbye then", and the call ended. Gritting his teeth in barely contained anger, he turned to the assembled squad.

"I am giving you clearance to storm the compound, be selective of targets and keep radio silence unless it is a grave emergency, take a pelican down to these coordinates", he handed them the active coordinates of the tracking device.

"Suit up and take the suppressive weaponry", he ordered them. They all nodded before saluting and heading to their respective lockers in the armoury.

Shaking his head, the Director directed his attention back to the holographic display hoping to gather more data.

Well that was a long wait for a lot of people, I'm not really doing a good job of this am I?

Continuing on, it's almost the holidays for me, so that means that I can work more rapidly on the story (19th of September 2014). Keep writing reviews for this story because the more encouragement I get, the more motivated I am. :)

Thanks, Xenongaf

7. Chapter VI

A pelican from the Mother of Invention began to slowly descend upon

the coordinates 'X:10032 Y:1384 Z:334022'. They were unnoticed by the operators due to the experimental radar cloak they had 'obtained'. The squad inside the pelican checked their weapons and armour making sure everything was functioning lest they have malfunction in the middle of a fight.

Agent Alaska, still silent as ever, was modifying her sniper with stealth attachments. A bandolier was wrapped around the upper torso of her armour carrying extra ammunition. Wyoming and Michigan were conversing silently with their helmets off. Arizona and Ohio held hands (it was widely known that they were an item). Maryland was silently cleaning her favourite shotgun with a rag.

'Attention all passengers, this is your pilot speaking, we are approaching the drop off zone. Thank you for taking Echo 419 airlines, we hope that you enjoyed this flight', the Intercom sarcastically blared.

The back of the pelican suddenly opened, showing a vast forest and lush greenery. Several meters away was the stolen fighter.

The team quickly scrambled out and took positions around the site. Hand signals were exchanged and they spread out.

"Recovery Squad 1, slowly investigate the landed ship, watch each others six", Ohio spoke over the helmet frequency. The Squad members began to slowly close in on the ship.

Maryland walked silently until she was at the cockpit of the vessel, with no sign of any occupant.

"This is Maryland, I can't seem to find our target", she informed them, "it looks like he abandoned it as soon as he landed here".

All the members of the recovery squad cautiously approached the ship in order to trace the mysterious person. Agent Alaska and Arizona both scanned the area with their respective long ranged weapons.

As they investigated the ship, Arizona stopped what she was doing and stared at a trail the squad hadn't noticed before, it trailed off into the woods.

"Recovery Squad 1, I have found a trail, repeat I have found a trail!", Arizona spoke excitedly. The rest of the squad hurried over to her position.

"Recovery Squad 1 to command", Ohio spoke slowly, "send in a transport to pick up the advanced fighter, we're going solo".

_'Copy that Recovery Squad 1 Leader' _their communications replied.

Ohio and Michigan walked in slowly checking the forest environment around them. Wyoming, Arizona and Maryland trailed after them before Alaska followed them closely.

Chief ran to the tall tower that was now two metres in front of him. Looking left to right, up and down, he sneaked over to the door and placed his left hand on the security lock. Within a few minutes the device sputtered and sparked and the door opened with a whoosh.

The inside was slightly dirtied but neat. Stacks of paper laid on dusty desks whilst a glowing light blue hologram was lit in the centre of another table. Chief kept scanning his eyes around the room before he spotted a lift that went to the third floor.

Walking over, he peered at the control panel with seemingly small buttons before spotting an AI port. Reaching to the back of his head, he pulled out Cortana's chip and inserted her into the mainframe, in a matter of seconds, the elevator opened up. Chief quickly pulled out the AI chip while simultaneously stepping into the cramped elevator, barely fitting his frame.

Within three seconds a small ding was heard and the doors opened letting him into a smaller room that looked more recently used. A coffee mug sat on a metal table on the far end. The windows let in cascades of light into the room brightening it up.

As Master Chief walked around, he noticed a document labelled classified with paper files inside it. Chief strode over to the desk with his silent stepping.

Opening the files, he ruffled through the papers and dug out a document on 087 recognising the image as Kelly.

****DOCUMENTATION:****

****SUBJECT: KELLY THORNFIELD****

****DESIGNATION: SIERRA-087****

****PLANET OF BIRTH: JERICHO II****

****SIERRA-087 IS A UNIQUE SPARTAN, ONE THAT ALWAYS SEEMS TO OUTRUN HER PEERS. THIS GENETIC TRAIT IS POSSIBLY PASSED DOWN FROM HER FAMILY.

****SHE IS A VERY OPTIMISTIC PERSON THAT HAS ALWAYS OUTRUNNED THE TRAINERS ON MANY OCCASSIONS. HER MENTAL CAPACITY LIKE OTHER SPARTANS REMAINS EVER GROWING WITH MORE INFORMATION WE SUPPLY THEM WITH.****

****AUGEMENTATION PROCEEDURES ARE BEING VERIFIED AND A 64% IS ESTIMATED FOR HER TO SURVIVE THE PROCEEDURESâ€|****

The file went on and on with scientific terms that Chief understood but he quickly got bored of it and put the file back only to spot another file with '117' marked on it. Suddenly interested at the turn of events. He pulled out the file and was surprised to see a picture of a female instead of a boy.

****DOCUMENTATION:****

****SUBJECT: JOAN THOMPSON****

****DESIGNATION: SIERRA-117****

****PLANET OF BIRTH: ERIDANUS II****

TO PUT IT IN PERSPECT, SIERRA-117 IS ALMOST AVERAGE COMPARED TO THE OTHER SPARTAN TRAINEES IN REGARDS TO TALENTS AND SPECIALTIES. HOWEVER, IT IS HER DETERMINATION, BRAVERY AND COURAGE THAT ALLOWS HER TO OVERCOME MANY OBSTACLES, HER CONFIDENCE SHE CARRIES WHEN LEADING ALMOST RIVALS THAT OF SENIOR CHIEF MENDEZ. SHE ALSO HAS THE UNCANNY ABILITY TO SENSE WHAT TO DO IN A SITUATION SUCH AS GUESSING THE PROBABILY THAT A COIN WOULD LAND ON HEADS OF TAILS. AUGEMENTATION PROCEEDURES HAVE BEEN VERIFIED AND PUTS HER AT 87% CHANCE THAT SHE WILL SURVIVE THE PROCEEDURES, A MUCH HIGHER RATE THAN THE REST OF THE SPARTAN TRAINEESâ€|

As the file trailed on, Chief just stayed rooted to the spot staring at the document in his hands. Going into the past had replaced him with a girl? No, this had to be a mistake. He ruffled through the files desperately to find a file with his name on it. When he couldn't find it, he clenched a fist and threw the files angrily onto the floor.

"Chief I'm detecting aggravation from you, what's wrong", Cortana asked with a tinge warmth. All he did was clench his fist and stormed out of the room and into the elevator.

The recovery squad were just outside the fence, contemplating if they should jump the fence or discreetly find an entrance. There were no entrances that the freelancers could fit through.

Agent Alaska quickly used a tree to parkour over the fence motioning the rest of the squad to do so, about a minute or so later they were standing with their backs against a buildings wall.

Nodding to each of them, Agent Ohio activated his armour's stealth ability. The best thing about being the Director's freelancer recovery team was that you could ask for almost anything on the mission and he would give it to you. The rest of the team activated their various camouflage armour tech and advanced into the camp.

There were marines walking about in armour either patrolling or chatting off duty. The team sneaked around patrols.

"Okay Recovery Squad, split up and find the armoured man, if you find any interesting data take it for the Director", Ohio ordered. Every agent took off in different directions. Alaska took off for the mess hall, Ohio headed towards the barracks and the rest of the team choose random spots.

Maryland snuck into the tall communications tower that was near the northern entrance. There were no guards stationed there so she strode through the doorway. Looking around she didn't find what she was looking for. But as she was in the doorway she heard elevator doors swishing open ever so faintly. Whipping around, her helmet met a green fist and she was flung back. She hit the ground outside with a thump.

The green titan barrelled out of the building and rushed away hoping the Freelancer was the only one here. Unfortunately he rounded a building to find others and they quickly surrounded him.

"Hands in the air", Ohio spoke in a slightly angered tone. Chief almost complied with this order had they not attracted so much

attention.

"What in the world is going on here!?", the voice of a cranky women yelled. The Freelancers and Chief turned to see a young women wearing a white lab coat. Brown hair, narrow face, hazel eyes and a glowering expression that sent a death sentence (figuratively speaking anyway). Chief almost instantly recognised her as Dr Catherine Halsey or Dr Halsey as he knew her.

"Ma'am we were sent here toâ€¦", Ohio began but the woman silenced him with a vicious kick to his crotch plate. As Ohio rocked on the ground clutching his crotch plate, Halsey scanned the crowd of Freelancers before halting her eyes on the green titan in the middle.

"I don't ever remember giving that jackass Director the authority to give clearance to his Freelancers", she replied vehemently. The helmet's opaque visor made it impossible to see the green man's face, you could see through most visor's even freelancers, but this man's one was impossible to see through.

"Who is this man you are trying to apprehend", she continued. The Freelancers just shrugged their shoulders.

"We don't know ma'am, he was part of a slipspace anomaly", Michigan replied. Halsey squinted at the behemoth before speaking.

"What is your name".

****Welp that was too quick.****

****I decided that since there is allot of people that like this story, I decided to publish this chapter which is technically a beta, so that they could get one last chapter before waiting for next year.****

****Thanks for Reading,****

****Xenongaf****

8. Chapter VII

"John-117", he spoke after what seemed like hours of waiting. Halsey narrowed her eyes noticing the similarities in Joan-117 and this John-117's names. This person couldn't possibly claim to be related to Joan, and the 117 attached to his name was a specific designation for something.

"What program or project are you from?", she continued.

"The Spartan II program, also known as the Orion II supersoldier program", his voice more monotone. Halsey's eyes widened 2 centimetres in surprise.

She bit her bottom lip. This seemed too much to be a coincidence, there had to be some reason why this John-117 was here. Maybe a more personal question would prove the trick.

"What was the first thing I said to all Spartan trainees when they

got abducted?", she finally asked. She was fairly sureâ€|no, positive that he was just an alternate form of Joan. The puzzles fit in her head quite neatly.

"You will be the protectors of Earth and all her colonies", he replied succinctly. There was intense silence as the Doctor processed the information in her head.

"117, please remove your helmet", she asked softly. The titan slowly closed his hands around his helmet, twisting the green headwear as pressurised air came rushing out. He finally pulled the heavy (and expensive) equipment off his head.

Doctor Halsey finally thought she had gone mad, standing before her was a carbon copy of Joan. Scratch that, an older and male version of the female trainee stood before her tall and mightyâ€| and pale?

The freelancers gasped at the sight. Pasty white skin accented his features, reddish brown hair rested on top of his head and sharp blue eyes peering into ones soul. It was an unexpected appearance.

"Doctor Halsey", his gravelly voice brought everyone out of their stupor. "Do you trust me?", he asked. Catherine could only nod at the soldier before motioning him to follow her to a nearby office.

The office was surprisingly messy. Papers everywhere and dust on some furniture. She motioned for him to sit down, but he shook his head. Halsey cleared her voice before speaking. "Are you really from an alternate reality".

"Yes I am", he said, "but that reality was ravaged by a war that went on for 30 years". Halsey could only balk at the bleakness of the other reality. John lifted his helmet onto the desk and pulled out a data chip. "This contains footage from my helmet's recorder", he held out the chip to the Doctor before she grasped it and slotted it into the desk's solid drive.

Instantly a moving image was displayed on the screen. It was a purple, curved vessel with thousands of smaller craft pouring out of it. The operator of the camera swung his assault rifle round and fired off shots at multiple alien creatures all different shapes and sizes.

In the background, smoke was pouring out of the city, debris lay on the streets with many dead human bodies, mostly civilian and some soldiers.

>Catherine couldn't express her reaction to the images. It was too much for her to take in.<p>

"Humanity lost hundreds of worlds to the alien coalition known as the Covenant, which was made up of 7 different species with a small number of subspecies". John brought up different species, their appearance, weaponry and roles as well as some footage of them in action.

"These aliens invaded the planet Reach and glassed the surface with plasma weaponry. 10 billion casualties, both civilian and military". Halsey's face didn't change from her horror stricken state.

"I take it that you didn't expect that", he added. She could only nod. John cleared his voice. "Near the end of the war, or as I know it, we encountered alien structures that belonged to an older race known as the forerunners". He brought up images of some sort of ring habitats. Luscious green forests and vast planes as well as deep blue oceans and a white tundra, it was a possibly the most beautiful place and liveable environment.

"Another structure was this massive space station known as the Ark", he continued. He flick to another image of a colossal circular object, with what looked like arms attached. Ships battled each other with massive explosions, but it wasn't enough to dwarf the construct. In fact the station loomed behind the battle instead.

The Spartan then climbed up the ramp of a pelican and into the troop bay. The hatches sealed up and they waited. It was not long before they heard the clamps undocking the pelicans and the feeling of inertia mixing in with the adrenaline. John walked into the cockpit and watched as they got closer to the surface. He walked back into the troop bay and pulled a sniper rifle off the rack and watched for the cargo bay doors to open.

The doors opened to what seemed like an endless sea of sand with rocks jutting out of the surface. The pelican backed against a specific rock island and the marines disembarked quickly with John right after them.

The scene changed to the sea with an island straight ahead. A battle was already taking place, as green phantoms and banshees fought their purple counterparts. John's pelican pulled from the rest and landed in near the enemy AA guns. As soon as it landed, John leaped out and started shooting at the covenant. He dodged almost all the projectiles and nailed each grunt precisely in the face.

Jackals and Brutes were met with familiar situations, only that John barrelled into the jackals and smashed the brutes head to a pulp of fluids and skin.

Marines fighting with him did their famous 'ooh-raahh' as they pushed back the enemy. Soon, all the AA emplacements were either destroyed or under UNSC control. A pelican dropship flew by with a Warthog and dropped two metres from the ground. Chief climbed into the vehicle and waited for the marines to pile up. When they were ready, he put his foot on the gas and sped towards the tower.

John paused the video. "As you can see, this is what it was like for Humanity and I".

"Did any other Spartans survive?", Halsey asked. John paused then shook his head.

"Almost all Spartans died except for the ones that you trapped", he replied. She just scoffed and shook her head. "I would never trap any of my Spartans, and how do you think I would trap them".

"You injected Kelly with a sedative and stole a rebel ship to another planet known as onyx, which was classified as a Spartan III training grounds". Halsey could only stare back blankly as she processed the words 'Spartan III'.

"I became the only functional Spartan as the other's were sent away to onyx to find you and other survivors. The covenant came to earth and killed millions of civilian's and left the UNSC in shambles", he spoke depressingly and Halsey just looked at him with pity.

"What will you do now that you're without purpose?", she asked. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Chief, you know what you can do", Cortana suggested slyly, "you could join with those Freelancers we saw earlier". John's eyebrow lifted slightly and Halsey had her eyes squinting at the helmet.

"Oops, pardon me for not introducing myself to you. I am UNSC Artificial Intelligence CTN-00452-9 Cortana, created via flash cloning of your brain Doctor Halsey". Halsey's eyes went wide and her mouth opened to speak, but John opened his jaw before her.

"Cortana, why do you always insist on surprising people?", he just shook his at her. "What? A girl can't have her fun?", she replied playfully. "But anyway, the Freelancers haven't got the most perfect track record, but are allowed a lot of freedom in what they can do which is perfect.

John turned to Catherine. "Doctor, I am not apart of the UNSC military as of yet, but could you possibly register me as a Spartan II ready for deployment?", he pleaded.

Halsey looked away but took a glance before making her way over to the offices computer. She tapped numerous keys and buttons before a holographic screen appeared with a young women, perhaps in her late twenties with the rank of Rear Admiral on her well kept uniform.

"Doctor Halsey, to who do I owe the pleasure?", the Rear Admiral drawled, although it had the underlining message of 'get it over and done with'.

"Rear Admiral Parangosky", the Doctor spoke stiffly, "meet the Spartan prototype, Sierra-117", at this point John walked in front of the hologram with his helmet on, displaying an intimidating appearance. The Rear Admiral shifted in her seat seeing the 7'3 behemoth being projected onto the hologram.

"This the prototype and hopefully the final product of the Spartan II program", Catherine spoke with a bit of pride.

"So this is what ONI has been investing in?", Parangosky questioned. "It just seems too good to be true".

"Why don't we put his skills to the test against insurrectionists", Halsey said a little too smugly. The Rear Admiral cocked an eyebrow at that statement before typing something on her end.

"Sierra-117, I have put you on the Project Freelancer list for recruits. Your rating is Unknown, let's hope you haven't tested my faith unnecessarily Doctor Halsey", Parangosky sternly spoke before closing the line.

On The Mother of Invention

"Director a new recruit has been filed in as unknown/experimental", the counsellor reported.

The Director nodded, "We'll take him in for now, see what he has to offer".

****Sup my readers,****

****I'm really sorry these updates are taking long, but I have to alternate between the two stories plus with my school assignments, let's just say I really don't have enough time. But I'll writing for your enjoyment and mine, see you later.****

****Xenongaf,****

9. Chapter VIII

A jet black pelican landed on a yellow and black striped platform within the Spartan II camp. The rear entrance opened and awaited for Chief to enter. As he stepped into the 'blood tray', Cortana's face appeared on his HUD.

"Chief, before you go, I want to stay with Halsey", she asked. The raised eyebrow prompted her to sigh, "I only have less than a year to function properly before I go into rampancy. But I think Halsey has the key to my survival, plus I realised that I have an opportunity to do something different".

John stared at her for a minute before taking her out of his helmet, feeling the cold mercury disappear. "Are you sure Cortana?", he questioned the AI. "Yes John, as much as I like exploring your mind, I need new data and things to sate my curiosity". He hopped out of the pelican and quickly walked over to the building Halsey worked in. He opened the door and quickly placed Cortana onto the Doctor's desk, pausing for a moment before striding back to the door.

John took one last look at the chip before closing the door and sprinting across the concrete to reach the black pelican.

Recovery Squad 1, were in another pelican mulling over the events that had just occurred.

They were ordered to leave the place by Senior Chief Petty Officer Mendez, who threatened to set ONI section 0 onto them. That was what got them sprinting as far away as possible, before calling in a pelican.

What had puzzled them was how the green giant had convince Halsey to let him in and stay.

The Director had not contacted them yet, but it was only a matter of time before they got viciously reprimanded by the middle aged man.

The small ship suddenly sped up as it broke atmosphere, making an even worse attitude for the squad. The familiar feeling of weightlessness was felt throughout the ship before gravity returned and the dull thump of a pelican landing resounded through the small

transport.

The doors of the pelican flipped open to reveal the bustling hanger bay full of technicians. And waiting there was the Director looking very anxious. The recovery squad quickly exited the transport and stood to attention.

"Sir", Ohio swallowed, "We have unsuccessful-," he didn't even finish as the director just walked past him staring out of the hangar in the blackness of space.

_'Incoming vessel of ONI origins, approaching at a velocity of 10 metres per second', _FLYSS spoke over the ships communications. The rest of the team straightened up into a single line behind the director. A dark shape moved through the void of space before it morphed into the distinct shape of a pelican.

A jet black pelican entered the hangar, hovering ominously with it's cargo in the rear. The transport pivoted on the spot revealing a closed set of backdoors that were opening slowly.

And standing in front of them, was the mysterious soldier. The Freelancers instantly snapped up their rifles at him, waiting for the chance to shoot him should he make one little slip up. The orange opaque visor stared at them before hopping off of the transport, enabling it to exit the hangar doors.

_'This is Spartan-117, a prototype of the Spartan program which would create advanced super soldiers to combat the insurrectionist threats within UNSC space' _FLYSS spoke over the communication system.

The Director then straightened up and walked over to the green clad warrior, holding out his hand when he stood in front of him. "I am the Director of Project Freelance, Leonard Church", the soldier took his hand with a firm grip.

"Sierra-117 of the Spartan Program", John replied shaking the directors hand. He let go of the Directors hand to see the Freelancers still having their weapons pointed at him.

"Freelancer! Stand down!", the Director barked. Immediately they lowered the rifles to the floor.

"FLYSS, I need you to gather all personnel to the debriefing room, we have a new recruit to introduce". _'Yes Director'__.

The freelancers dispersed and headed for the exit, slipping brief glances over their shoulders. The Director turned and headed for the exit, motioning John to follow him.

The briefing room was a cacophony of noises, each freelancer having their own conversations with each other. Some were out of armour whilst others were suited up for a battle.

They stopped suddenly when the doors slid open and revealed the Director and John-117 following closely. The Freelancers snapped to an attention position. "At ease Freelancers", the Director drawled in his trademark southern accent. "We have a new recruit that has been recommended to the Office of Naval Intelligence". The crowd looked at the stoic Spartan, in awe of his height and threatened by his

menacing stature.

"We have not as of yet decided on a codename for him yet, however you will for the time being refer to him as Sierra-117 due to the nature of his training". The Director turned to the Spartan, "117, Agents Colorado and York will show you around the ship", the said agents stepped out of the crowd, Colorado still in his dark blue and red stripes armour whilst York was in his casual clothing.

"Follow me 117", Colorado motioned with his left hand and the three left the conference room".

The two freelancers showed him around the ship, informing him of specific rooms and their functions. John was particularly interested in the arena.

"That's where agents fight to move up a rank in the leader board, and become eligible for higher tiered missions, as well as testing out new Freelancers", Colorado paused and looked at John, "which you currently are now".

York then took over and explained how freelancers also had the choice to become a specialist in a specific area of asymmetrical warfare. Chief however was not interested in those things.

"Does this ship serve any other purpose, aside from training freelancers and housing them?", he questioned. Colorado stared at the Spartan, flabbergasted at the deep gravelly voice he had, until York slapped the younger freelancer in the back of the head. "Uh, yes! This ship does also extensive research on augmentations, more specifically, augmenting with A.I fragments which I'm due to receive next month", Colorado paused for a moment before shaking his head and continuing, "there is also other stuff the Director researches on, but he doesn't really give much detail about it".

John stared at Colorado for a bit before gesturing him to continue on with the tour. Colorado got the hint and started down the hall with Chief and York in tow.

(Just outside the freelancer male dormitories)

"Well, that's the end of the tour, hoped you learned a bit about the ship", York casually spoke, "if there is anything you need, don't hesitate to um, call the Director or something ok?" The Spartan nodded and twisted the handle of his room which funnily enough had the numbers '117' engraved on it.

Inside it was a modest sized room, a small bedside table bolted to the floor with a vase sitting on top of it. The bed was standard UNSC make with some adjustments to make the sleeping person feel more comfortable. The metallic grey walls made John feel right at home and remind him of the UNSC ships in his era. A small incision on the wall revealed to be a personal bathroom, although the shower looked like it had been intended for much smaller people than him.

John glanced at his armour, realising he had been in it for a very long time, and probably smelt horrible. He slowly started to flick different locks to different area's of his armour. The gauntlets came off first, then the shoulders and the rest continued to fall away leaving only his helmet and chest piece. John pulled the chest piece

off his body leaving only a black bodysuit and a green helmet. He slowly twisted the helmet and pulled it off of his head, revealing the pale skin, worn blue eyes and old battle scars that most men would envy. John then stripped quickly out of the bodysuit and stepped into the cramped shower space and turned on the cold water, taking in the soothing feeling of something felt on his skin.

****Hey guys,****

****I really apologize for not getting it out, school is busy and sometimes I read more than I write. I know this is probably really crap, but I felt the need to release something new. Anyways, give me positive and light negative feedback, I'll need all the improvements I can make.****

****Xenongaf,****

10. Chapter IX

Chief stepped out of the shower, feeling very refreshed after a cold and soapy wash. Many thoughts were whizzing around in his head while he dried himself off with a white towel. What was the Freelancer Project? Why do they have similar armour? Will the Covenant still invade and decimate Humanity?

The train of thoughts halted when he suited up in his black armour under suit. Reattaching the MJOLNIR chest piece, gauntlets, shoulder pieces, leggings. He picked up the helmet and placed it over his head, twisting it to lock it in place.

He didn't want to impress the Director, but it might be the only way he could work up the chain of command and warn the UNSC of the Covenant threat. Besides, it would be a good way for him to stretch his recently thawed muscles and get them up to battle ready condition.

Chief opened his door and navigated through the ship, hoping to get to the gymnasium and work his muscles. He found the room after asking some of the ships personnel and begun doing weight lifting.

The supposedly heavy dumbbell was nothing to him and he soon got tired of not being able to properly stretch and strengthen his muscles. He started to do some push ups. After doing one thousand push ups he moved onto the chin up bar. It was then Agents North and Maine entered the room in gym clothes ready to work out when they spotted him doing chin ups as well as bending the bar slightly.

'999â€|1000, Done', _his mind processed before noticing an audience behind him. He turned and observed the two people before him, both with their mouths slightly open from shock or was it surprise? He walked past them and turned right, heading for the mess hall.

It was really empty save for the few on board Chefs. He grabbed a plate and piled on some food, mostly the awful but really healthy nutrient-mush, which had all the necessary; vitamins, minerals and protein needed for a SPARTAN-II. Putting his hands to his helmet, he twisted and removed the helmet, placing down next to the plate of food he had.

John dug into the food and was surprised how it taste much more bearable than where he came from. He wouldn't be surprised if the UNSC mass produced these somewhere in the future war with the Covenant, making them taste horrible.

John finished the food and resealed his helmet, just as recovery Squad entered the room. Both John and the stared at each other, before the agent in pale yellow and grey held out his hand sideways.

"We haven't been properly introduced. Agent Ohio", John took his hand and shook it firmly, "Master Chief Petty Officer, Spartan-117", he replied. The freelancers nodded their heads and began introducing themselves.

"I'm Agent Arizona"

"Agent Michigan at your service"

"Wyoming, any good with a sniper?"

"Agent Alaska"

"I'm Agent Maryland, but I have a question?", John tilted his head waiting for the question. "What were the crewman talking about on your ship, the 'Separatists', Split Jaw Aliens?", she frowned at that last subject of possible aliens out in the void of space.

John paused for a moment. "It's not something I would like to discuss yet, it's still fresh in my mind", he spoke in a monotone, shutting the freelancers up.

They were silent until an agent in blue armour with a bright red stripe walked into the room flanked by two other coloured armoured freelancers.

"Masterchief?", the blue freelancer asked with uncertainty. John nodded and the blue freelancer visibly sighed.

"The Director would like to see you immediately, it's about your proper induction into the program. Follow me,".

John followed him, turning into different halls and passageways before entering into a moderately sized observation room overlooking the arena and it's activities. Near the windows was both the Director and his close companion, the Counsellor. The older man spotted John and motioned him over to the seats.

"How are you fitting in Spartan-117?", the Director casually asked. "Very well Director, better than some of the accommodations I have had the pleasure of inhabiting".

"To be blunt with you, I would like to run some scenarios with you and some other freelancers to test your abilities". He breathed in heavily and sighed, "It's not that we don't trust you. But I need to see if you have a place among the Freelancers".

John nodded, "I understand sir".

"Good. Right now, you are rostered to verse Freelancer, Agent Colorado. He is not so hard but he will give you a moderate fight, slightly above ODS'T's fighting styles".

Chief nodded and exited the room to head down into the circular arena. The doors opened automatically for him as he strode with purpose to his side of the room. Minutes later, Colorado entered as well, shaking with the jitters of the pre battle anticipation. John just breathed slow, shallow breaths, the pounding of the heart the only thing that could be heard in the helmet.

The floor suddenly erupted into grey metal columns, blocking his opponent from view.

****'BEGIN! '****

John rushed into the maze of pillars, weaving through the sturdy and artificial creations. The sudden intense pounding of other feet caught his attention, and he stopped immediately. Pulling out his magnum, he aims at the empty space in front of him, waiting for the right momentâ€|

Colorado stumbles into the corridor unaware of the ambush that was about to happen. _Put-Put_, and Colorado found himself immobilised by a pink sticky substance, he couldn't even turn his head.

'117 wins. 1-0, 117's favour'****

The windows around the arena began to fill up with curious, excited Freelancers in and out of their armour.

The Director smirked at the attention gathered by the Spartan. He leaned over the microphone. "FLYSS, initiate second round with difficulty of the battleground set to 7.5". _'Yes Director'_, the female AI replied.

The arena then shifted to one full of ramps, walls and holographic insurrectionists, that had guns and vehicles.

****'BEGIN! '****

The frozen blue holographic people immediately unfroze and attacked John. He took out the pistol and fired on them, nailing each in the head. The sound of clattering feet signalled reinforcements, causing John to retreat into one of the buildings. It was there he noticed a rocket launcher leaning innocently against the wall. Checking his motion trackers to see if any one was coming, he then silently crept to it. Picking it up, he noticed only one of the tubes had ammunition in it.

****Bang! **** A explosion blew up the wall six metres away from John, revealing a Scorpion Tank, wellâ€| a simulated one. John lifted and fired the weapon in a split second at the protective canopy of the tank. The rocket exploded, creating a cloud of smoke before revealing that the hatch was only dented.

The Chief moved faster than the tank could fire. He vaulted over the barrel of the cannon and landed just behind the tanks ventilation grate. Putting all his strength into his fist, he pounded the casing causing the tank to erupt into holographic flames.

John scanned the area before spotting the familiar blue armour having trouble fighting the holographic soldiers. The Chief pulled out his pistol and took aim at Colorado's head. _Put-Put-Put-Put-Put_, all combatants were neutralised including Colorado.

****'117 wins. 2-0, 117's favour'****

"Councillor, get all relevant combat files uploaded to my office computer", the Director looked at the victorious curiously. The Councillor acknowledged and left the room, leaving the Director alone. "FYLSS, cancel the match, we have found what we are looking for". "Yes Director", the intercoms came to life.

****"117 has won the match"****

The spectators looked at John with awe and admiration. Taking on a scorpion tank one on one was very difficult and required an extreme amount of skill, not even Carolina could claim to be able to do such a feat.

John walked over to the paralysed Colorado and carried him out of the arena just as the holographic battlefield faded away. The locker room was crowded with Agents, wanting to get a look at the person that destroyed the scorpion tank all by himself as well as eliminating the opposition. He shouldered past agents until he found a TRS-R (Training Round Slime â€" Remover). The object automatically melted the goop off of Colorado's helmet and into a puddle on the grated metal floor. Colorado shook his helmet to get rid of excess slime and gazed at John.

"You were brutal out in the arena", he remarked. John nodded in acknowledgement to the Freelancer.

"You did considerably well but there are many things you can work on to improve and decrease mistakes like that".

Colorado nodded in understanding and stretched out his hand to John to help him up. Chief grabbed it and hauled him to his feet.

****Hey Guys,****

****I apologise for not releasing this chapter earlier, my editor was not reply to me so I have released a rough draft of the chapter. I hope you enjoy the story.****

****Kind regards,****

****Xenongaf****

****P.S: If there is other people that would like to be an editor of mine, just PM me.****

11. Chapter X

"Would Spartan-117 report to the command centre". Chief just glanced at the ships' speakers before brushing past all the agents to get to the doorway.

The walk up to the command centre was uneventful but corridors were filled with awestruck marines, technicians even Freelancers that wanted to get a good look at the winner of the arena match. Chief ignored them; having had the same attention as back in his own time.

The thick steel doors slid open silently, opening up to the command centre. The place seemed spacious due to the lack of personnel there. Chief found the director conversing with the Councillor before Church noticed John and waved him over, dismissing the Councillor at the same time.

"Spartan-117, I congratulate you for passing the test and surpassing all expectations", the Director expressed, "but something has come up and has given me reason to believe the insurrection have become more aggressive and active".

A hologram of a planet was displayed with two moons surrounding it and seven orbital mac platforms floating in space above it's surface.

"This is New Varsity, a colony dedicated to the manufacturing of ships, not just civilian cruise liners, but top of the line UNSC navy Capital Warships. The whole planet is under control of the insurrectionists led by a man under the alias of Desmond Jorgenson".

An image of a middle aged man appeared, a cap was on his head and it read 'Hate UNSC' in bold letters. As well as that; he was also dressed in a standard marine BDU.

"This mission requires you to eliminate him and his other high rank subordinates that we have not identified, I trust that you will be able to do this?" Chief nodded.

"Sir, if I may, will I be able to take a squad of freelancers to back me up". The Director shook his head.

"If I deem it necessary, then yes, but I believe your abilities will allow you to easily infiltrate and eliminate the insurrectionist threat before it begins again".

The table then shifted to a very detailed 3 dimensional representation of an area. The Hologram also showed the '_Mother of Invention_' flying high in the clouds.

"You will be deployed via ODP and land somewhere in this area", he pointed at a grassy plane that was about fifty klicks south of the town where the supposed insurrectionist leader was.

"The UNSC has given us three days to either assassinate him or gather intel before they launch an all out assault on the planet which will induce a high amount of casualties. If you manage to take him out of the picture, the UNSC will be able to launch a quick strike against the insurrectionist base there without the troubles of high amounts of casualties", the Director finished his thorough explanation and hoped the Spartan would understand.

The super soldier stared at the tables hologram until his head turned to face the Director, "I'll do it Director", John saluted the older

man before heading towards the drop pod bay.

As John sat in his allocated pod, he began to process what happened in the two days he was on the frigate. The training simulation was so realistic, but not as intense and unforgiving as his trainee days of the Spartan II program.

Chief contemplated on how it was 2521, years before the Covenant's genocide against humanity. He pondered if he could somehow prevent the war from ever happening, but dismissed it for another time. He needed to focus on the mission.

The pod suddenly jerked before the feeling of falling kicked in. The pod's viewport became fiery red as the air friction caused flames to burn outside the pod.

Within minutes; the city finally came into view and steadily grew larger as he approached the surface. Within seconds the pod thumped heavily and produced a sound of crushed metal. The pods door exploded outwards, allowing John to hop out and survey the landing site with his 'MA37' assault rifle.

After confirming it was safe, Chief made the trek to the city; walking at a moderate pace. He passed houses and made sure to keep out of sight of bystanders.

After hours of hiking, Chief finally made it to the industrialised city. A few apartments were in the area, but most of the city was ship manufacturing yards, building ships ranging from a longsword fighter/bombers to a Halcyon class light Cruiser.

John kept to the shadows and traversed the city, looking for signs of the insurrectionist leader, Desmond Jorgenson. The only mentionable insurrectionist activities were the hourly patrols around the city. Luck was on his side however and they didn't check the alleyways for anything. The sun began setting on the horizon, almost ready to disappear from the sky all together.

As Chief passed by a small white apartment, out of the corner of his right eye he caught a glimpse of a warthog convoy beginning to turn into an intersection. John instantly scrambled into the apartment and threw himself behind the counter. The warthogs passed by without even noticing the faint impressions he left behind on the ground. Peeking over the counter, John saw them pass and left his hiding spot, about to exit the apartment when the sound of a dropped vase resounded in the air.

He whipped out his holstered pistol and aimed behind him before surprise overtook him. A young women in her early twenties looked in shock and fear at the 7 foot fully armoured Spartan, now staring straight at her.

"S-s-st-ay-aw-aw-away-fr-from-m-me", she stuttered. Her lips trembled and her eyes became glossy with tears. John lowered his pistol and holstered it. The woman bolted upstairs and the Master Chief gave chase quickly catching and holding her firmly with a hand over her mouth.

She squeezed her eyes shut and began hyperventilating, simultaneously sniffing. John released his hand from her mouth and placed it gently

on her shoulder.

"I'm not going hurt you Miss, but you must calm down and breathe", he spoke gently, the gravelly voice resonating. She slowly stopped hyperventilating and peeked one eye open to see his opaque orange visor staring right at her. The woman whimpered, "shhhhhhhhhh, its okay I'm not going to harm you", he spoke softly again. She stopped and took heavy breaths.

"Who are you?" she asked hesitantly.

"Master Chief Petty Officer Spartan-117", he replied, "What is your name?".

"M-Mel-lissa", the woman replied nervously. John quickly did a scan of her; she was about 160cm in height, had light brown hair that reached her upperback, was fair skinned and had bright cobalt-indigo eyes.

"I'm sorry to scare you, I don't usually have much civilian interaction", he spoke. He then got up and turned towards the exit before looking back at her.

"I don't suppose you know where the insurrectionist main base is in this city?", he asked. She stared at him before grabbing his armoured hand daintily and leading him to her room. She shut the doors and curtains.

"Are you with the UNSC?", Melissa asked softly. He nodded and she breathes out a sigh of relief.

"Ever since the Insurrectionists took over; they have subjected us to their tyranny. Many of us thought the UNSC abandoned us, but from your allegiance, I guess soon the insurrection will be kicked out of New Varsity after so many months", she smiled warmly at John but he didn't return the expression.

After a moment of awkward silence Melissa brought out a data pad and flicked through before she brought up a hologram, albeit less detailed than the one on the frigate.

"From what I know, they have actually two main bases. One in the old militia's barracks", she pointed to a spherical roofed building that was three stories high, "and one in the shipyards", she pointed at all twelve of the interconnected shipyards.

"Thank you for your assistance Melissa", John spoke before heading out of her apartment.

"Wait! Do you have a place to stay?" she asked shyly.

John shook his head, "I don't need one since I'm heading out", He said.

"You can't!", she exclaimed before covering her mouth, "Insurrectionists are more active at night, that's why patrols in the day aren't so full on". John considered her argument and reluctantly complied. She ushered him inside and prepared the guest room whilst Chief walked onto her balcony. Using his helmets inbuilt zoom function he watched as more insurrectionist thugs patrolled the

streets occasionally knocking on peoples doors and questioning them before either moving on or arresting them. Chief almost wondered why this was happening but realised that his pod was still in the fields. Anyone could have seen it and reported to the Insurrectionists. That meant that they could be investigating the apartment as well. As he pondered the door knocked. He hid behind the kitchen counter.

"Sorry I'm coming!", Melissa called, she opened the door to find two thugs carrying smg's. The closer one got up to her face. "Hey there beautiful. You haven't happened to see a UNSC soldier in the area have you?", he questioned in a sickeningly sweet undertone. Melissa shook her head rapidly.

His face frowned dangerously and he pulled out a tablet, showing a still image of Melissa in the arms of the Spartan, "Don't lie to us you dirty scrub, where is he!?" he yelled at her, causing her to hyperventilate.

"I-I-I-I don't kn-know-wh-where he i-is", she stuttered in fear.

The man grabbed her and threw her on the floor cause her to cry in pain. He proceeded to mount her, his gun at her temples. She cried fully this time; tears streaming down her cheeks and her whimpering was heard by John.

John hearing the commotion drew his pistol from the waist and took aim at the thug's head. BANG-BANG! The two thugs dropped to the floor with holes on their faces. Melissa curled up into a ball and sobbed. John lifted the corpses and dropped them into the garbage disposal unit before walking to her quivering body.

He knelt beside her and reluctantly wrapped his armoured arms around her. She slowly subsided with the sobbing and breathed slowly and softly. John lifted her up and carried her to her room before gently placing her down on the soft mattress of the bed. After looking back at her peaceful slumber, he walked back out onto the balcony and waited for the sun to rise.

You know what guys, I apologise, I was waiting for a person to peer check but he hasn't messaged me back so it was actually ready to be posted like 3 weeks ago,

I am very sorry to keep you guys waiting,

Yours Sincerely, Xenongaf

12. Chapter XI

The sun appeared on the horizon, creating a golden sparkle on the line that separated the land from the sky. Chief glanced at the city around him. Any insurrection activity was at a complete halt it seemed, the civilians minded their own business and continued the day as if it was a regular day.

John headed back into the room that held Melissa; he opened the Door to find her still in deep slumber. Chief knew he had to get going and seeing as Melissa wasn't going to get up any time soon; he would leave her without saying goodbye.

Chief walked out of the room and closed the door behind him; he also made sure that everything was in place. Seeing everything in it's right spot; Chief exited the room and the building, taking to the dark alleys and blending in the shadows to make him less conspicuous.

Creeping through the narrow but tall corridors; he slipped through the place quickly and quietly.

After hours of running he finally arrived at a building that stood out to the others, mainly because of the amount guards stationed around it and the blood red insignia of the insurrection. John despised the red symbol as it terrorised people and brought about fear into the hearts of the locals.

John gazed at the glass paned and then to a building adjacent to the insurrection headquarters before moving into the non-insurrection building.

He subtly moved through the corridors and the floors before reaching the flat roof and pulled out his rifle. The Assault Rifle was not a good choice for an assassination attempt but his current arsenal did not include an accurate rifle he required.

Flicking it from automatic to semi-automatic, he activated the helmets monocular zoom function and looked through the buildings rooms to see if the target was there.

As it turned out luck was on his side, as two minutes of searching led him to find Desmond Jorgenson in different attire than what was seen in the hologram. Seven other men and one woman also occupied the room each one in a leather chair.

John pulled the safety bolt rearwards and took aim with the holographic sights of the rifle. The distance between him and the target was fairly large, but the Spartan's accuracy could make up for this difficult task. The black gloved fingers tightened around the rifle's trigger, gently easing back before meeting a slight resistance.

****BANG! CRASH! ****The bullet rushed out of its' launcher and crashed through the glass panes of the building and hit the target on the side of his head. Chief spent only a nano-second of relaxing before rushing down the buildings stairs. He hopped out of a window and into an alleyway, sneaking away from the scene.

Insurrection Guards ran in all directions; panicking, blindly running into walls, trash cans and each other. Bystanders couldn't help but gawk at the absurdity of this situation; their minds not processing what had happened.

The Spartan just walked away from the scene; deciding to take to the alleys once again. Chief activated his comms to the Mother of Invention

"Mike India, this is Sierra-one-one-seven, do you copy, over?". A white noise emanated from the interior speakers before a familiar southern voice spoke.

"Sierra-one-one-seven, this is Mike India, send, over," the Director

replied calmly.

"Target has been eliminated with no civilian casualties, awaiting evac, over,"

"Sierra-one-one-seven you are cleared for evac, proceed to marked landing zone, over,".

"Sierra-one-one-seven, out," Chief cut the radio line between him and the ships command centre.

A light green waypoint appeared over his HUD and revealed to him the location of the extraction, with a string of numbers showing he still had two-hundred and fifty-six metres left till he reached the evac point.

Chief broke into a slow sprint, enough that he would reach it before the pelican would, but less than so he could keep an eye out for other suspicious activity.

The alleyways seemed to go on and on before he exited through an opening which revealed a grassy plain, the waypoint indicated the landing zone was only ten metres away from him.

A faint whooshing sound was heard and gradually got louder and louder. Chief watched as a pelican slipped through the sky and hovered over the landing zone waiting for John to approach and board.

As John made his way to the pelican, a familiar voice yelled at him.

"Master Chief, wait!" Chief turned to find Melissa running at him whilst holding a package. Chief waiting until she made her way over to him, panting heavily.

"Chief, I-I just wanted to say thank you for helping us", Melissa said, a faint blush forming on her cheeks.

"I'm just doing my duty Melissa," he replied, "is there anything else you needed me for?" John knew he couldn't do anything else but it was polite to say those sorts of things.

"I just wanted to give you a gift, as a thank you to your effort", she smiled and presented a brown paper wrapped box that was of similar size to an assault rifle.

John just stared at the box for a moment before snapping out of the daze and taking the box out of her hands.

"Thank you, for your gift", he spoke softly. She smiled then stepped back to stay clear of the pelican. Chief hopped onto the drop ship and watched Melissa wave to him, confused on this action, he simply gave her a nod of acknowledgement before facing away from her and stepped into the dropship's cockpit.

The aircraft sped away from the city until it was no more than a black pinprick in the sky.

A single purple cruiser exited out of slipspace, on it's bridge,

shipmaster Jarl'i Unilomee oversaw the patrolling of this sector. The bridge was calm and silent as Sangheli, Unngoy and Huragok worked at their control stations with discipline.

"Shipmaster!" Jarl'i groaned in frustration at the sudden urgency; this had better be important, the shipmaster thought.

"What is it minor?" he spoke.

"We have an unidentified remains of a ship, and it's not built with the technology of a the Covenant," The Shipmaster's interest suddenly peaked as a visual was shown.

What looked to be a very blocky and ancient ship, had a clean cut that looked like it was missing a front end.

"Send out the salvage crew and see to it they gather as much information as they can, perhaps this is a new species not yet discovered", he ordered.

****Hey to all of you guys,****

****First and foremost, I am sorry it took this long to upload this chapter, I have been for the past months been having a massive writers block, I also have been occupied with learning blender, a 3d animation program. Also I had school, which was harsh because in English all I got were either a C+ or lower, which was a bit of depression. But my other subjects are great... but enough about that. I am in serious need of an editor, pm me or email me if you want to help me improve the story and my grammar. ****

****Thank you so much for sticking with me,****

****Xenongaf, ****

****P.S: I don't know if I should start my Halo/Legend of Zelda crossover or my Bioshock story.****

13. Chapter XII

John stared at the brown paper wrapped gift on his lap; he couldn't ever remember a time in his whole life that he had ever received or been given a gift. His mind felt strange, in a sense that what he was, for the first time, experiencing genuine kindness.

The sound of landing gear being lowered and the familiar scene of a hangar bay in the rear window signified the end of his trip from the planet. The spacecraft jolted a small bit before it stopped moving, the bay doors swung open.

John walked off the pelican only to be greeted by Agent Colorado in his dark blue and red striped armour, minus the helmet. The Agent glanced down at the package before quirking an eyebrow at John.

"The Director would like to see you for a debrief," John nodded at Colorado and walked out of the hangar bay.

The Director was hunched over the holographic table, contemplating on recent events. The command room doors slid open to administer John

in; who was still holding the gift in his hands. The Director eyed it with uncertainty before motioning John to stand to the side.

"Spartan-117, it seems you have done the mission successfully", he stated, "and the planet has been finally liberated. However, we have a new mission for you".

The holographic screen then changed to an image of a Medusa Class Destroyer Ship.

"This is the UNSC 'Joker's Hand', which has recently been attacked by rebel forces", the hologram switched to a planet with a simulation of the ship crashing into the snowy surface, "the ship, as you can see, has crashed onto the planet 'Avalanche' which is only used for mining purposes, we do not know how the rebels shot down the ship but the survivors desperately need your help".

The Director turned to John, "The rebels are still attacking the survivors who are ill equipped to fight a large force like the rebels, I need you and a team of Freelancers to halt the assault long enough for evacuation procedures to take place".

"You can count on me, Sir", John said with conviction. The Director gave a sigh of relief.

"We have a three hour slipspace voyage till we can get there, in the mean time you should socialise with the Freelancers". John looked wearily at him.

"Director I don't socialise well with others, particular your obnoxious and cocky Freelancers", he spoke harshly. The director, caught off guard by this sudden harshness he felt from the Spartan, frowned at the green clad soldier.

"Fine you may segregate yourself from the others, but consider developing bonds with them, you never know how thing may turn out", the Director spoke calmly.

John nodded and strode out of the room, leaving the busy man deep in thought.

John navigated to his room and entered it, closing the door and locking it. Hands made their way to his helmet and the familiar hiss of the seals being opened filled the room before the helmet came off to reveal the blue eyed man's face.

The helmet was put aside and slowly he started to remove the various metal plating on his body. The gauntlets came off followed by the knees and thighs. Shoulders and boots came off before his massive chest plate fell off him and hit the floor hard enough to create a dent in the metal. He was now in his black under suit.

John picked up the brown paper package and read the small card attached to the wrapping.

__'Dear Master Chief,__

__We just wanted to show our gratefullness in the form of this gift. The liberation of our planet has made us feel less controlled and

more free than before. We will never forget your help. Please come visit again sometime and be welcome into our community. We owe you our freedom._

Yours Sincerely,

Melissa Pondale

John gingerly closed the card and placed it by his side and opened the brown package. The brown layers soon fell away to reveal: a box of Cadbury chocolates, bottle of Darwin wine (since 2459) an electronic tablet and a black book.

Written on the front of the black book was the word ****Bible. ****John never thought of religion as being useful but accepted the gift nevertheless and placed it on the bedside table. The rest of the package was put on the table and the letter folded neatly and placed inside one of his armours compartments alongside the silver coin he received from Senior Chief Petty Officer Mendez.

The Spartan never imagined himself in such a relaxed state, with no serious wars apart from the insurrectionists; he was almost purposeless. Project Freelancer had given him another chance in life, a chance he would not waste, but what would he do with it.

A thought suddenly occurred to Chief, what if the Covenant still existed? The possibility set off alarms to Chief, but there was nothing as of yet he could do about it. It all came down to his luck, something he wished worked better. The Spartan laid himself down onto the bed and shut his eyes, waiting to be called for his drop.

The recreational room on the ship had few freelancers and marines use it, but today was a special day, game night. The place was full of freelancers and a couple of out of place marines playing different card games, socialising or using the holographic terminals to play entertainment.

"Hey Colorado, you wanna join us?", North Dakota yelled over the throngs of people.

"Sure, just wait a minute, gotta get myself a bottle of beer", he replied. The agent just grinned and sat on the sofa with Ohio and Arizona sitting across from him, the two snuggled up to each other, hand in each hand.

Colorado stepped out of the crowd and plopped onto North's sofa, holding two bottles of ginger beer. Colorado handed one to North and started to sip his.

"So what do you think of this 'Spartan', Col?". The agent just swallowed his mouthful and took a breath.

"He seems pretty reclusive," he replied, taking another swig, "but I reckon he's alright. I mean, he did singlehandedly destroy the insurrection down on New Varsity". North nodded and sipped his bottle slowly.

"But I get this feeling that he is dangerous," Colorado said, eyebrows furrowed in concern. North just raised an eyebrow, continuing his drinking.

Suddenly a loud cheer went up in the other side of the room, yells of outrage and congratulations chorused from that direction.

"I wonder who won the game?" North muttered.

"Probably York, you know him, always at the centre of attention, most likely won that little game of poker," Colorado commented, "you know, I find it so interesting how we can get away with this sort of stuff on a ship, we aren't supposed to do this kind of thing".

"Yea, well rules and regulations don't exactly apply to this ship, Director's probably turning a blind eye to most things on the ship," North said.

"I'll say," Colorado muttered, "I wonder where Maryland is?"

"Why do you want to know Col?" North asked.

"I want to try my luck with her, North," Colorado replied, "she's really out there and not to mention very attractive". A lovestruck look had replaced his facial features, North snickered quietly.

The director hunched over the holographic table, looking for other clues in how the rebel forces attacked the ship.

"Director, we are coming out of slipspace", an ensign called out. He nodded and walked over to the massive glass viewport. The wavy blue space suddenly disappeared and real space suddenly appeared with the planet in the backdrop. As he was preparing the comms to alert the Spartan, an anomaly appeared on his holo table.

"Sir incoming ships! Insurrectionist insignia!" another ensign yelled. The ship in question was a heavily modified Paris frigate, inching closer and closer.

"Get me a firing solution on that ship!" the Director ordered. Before they could do anything however, a volley of missiles erupted from the enemies ship and flew straight at the Mother of Invention.

"Brace for Impact!".

****Hey Guys:****

****Sorry I took a long time, but I have been concentrating on other things. But I still apologise :)****

14. Chapter XIII

Bells rung as the ship lurched violently against the volley of missiles. The lights in the hallways flicked rapidly and some just stopped working all together.

Shipmen, Marines and even some Freelancers stumbled around in a daze, not fully understanding what was happening. A number of fires blazed in the ships walkways, fire crews desperately trying to put them out with mediocre fire extinguishers.

Multiple people tried to get out of their rooms, the doors were

jammed and there was nothing they could do, except one.

The room marked with '117' held the most annoyed and frustrated Spartan, and when a Spartan is frustrated, things tended to go 'Boom!', a clang resounded in the area. The door crumpled and out came John, in full Mjolnir armour.

Surveying the destruction, John quickly searched the nearby quarters for trapped people, fortunately his extended hearing allowed him to hear above the chaos. There seemed to be someone trapped in the room opposite to his.

"Stand clear!" he yelled. He then shoulder-charged the door and like his room, crumpled the door. Out stumbled a very dazed Maryland, her black hair frazzled by the unexpected wake up. John peeked inside the room to find another agent, Alaska, lying unconscious on the floor, with a head wound slowly dripping.

John picked up Alaska and Maryland (who was surprised by his sudden action) and sprinted away from the crew quarters to the nearest safe zone.

After a couple of twists and turns through the fires and confused people, he made it to the medical bay, which looked relatively untouched by the conflict. He laid both on the hospital beds before leaving to find other trapped occupants.

"F.I.L.S.S, what the hell has happened!" the Director yelled in an alarmed tone. The bridge crew were furious in their efforts, trying guide the 'Mother of Invention' away from the other ship.

"Director I believe the enemy has used 'Javelin Missiles' in order to cause havoc amongst the ship," she explain calmly, "also most of our ships systems are being electronically hacked by the enemies AI, a number of door systems have locked, preventing essential crew from helping out".

The Director buried his head in his hands, wondering how they would survive from this mess.

"Due the efforts of Sierra-117; however, crew members are being freed from their quarters and ushered to the main medical bay." The Director slowly lifted his head in amazement at the news. The soldier was saving his ass in the ship.

"Moreover, some Freelancers who were freed are now assisting him in rescuing trapped crew". The Director's face brightened up.

"F.I.L.S.S, get me a firing solution on that frigate," the Director said, "and add a little oomph, would you kindly."

The AI spoke in a cheery voice, "most certainly, Director". The sound of whirring machinery signified the powering up of the MAC. The Director turned to a loitering ensign.

"Send an announcement for any available Freelancers and Spartan 117 to report immediately to the command centre," he commanded firmly. The ensign nodded his head quickly and hastily created a radio network.

John had just finished opening up the 'Recreation' room when the comms went off.

_'__All available freelancers and Spartan 117, please report to the command centre immediately, all jobs will be handled remaining marines or engineers'. _

Well that is certainly interesting, John thought. He wasted no time getting to the bridge; a couple of recently suited up freelancers followed him. When they had gotten to the bridge, the Director literally tossed them a piece of equipment each.

"The main point of this call up, was for you Freelancers and Spartan to land on the planet, whilst the ship stays in orbit to finish the fight," he spoke, "those pieces of equipment are vision enhancers to help you fight in the blizzard on the planet".

The holo-table quickly lit up, but flickered dodgily. The 3d projection showed the use of insertion pods, with them smashing into the main enemy encampment.

"There is no time for me to explain, you know your objective," as if to emphasis on his point, the ship jostled and groaned.

John and the other five freelancers nodded and sprinted out the command centre. They ran to the Orbital Insertion Bay, just seconds from the launch window. Hopping into a pod each, they didn't have time to buckle before they were shot out of the ship.

"Holy crap!" a freelancer screamed into the comms, it was obvious he had never done a drop before and was freaking out at the sight of the height.

"Relax," Carolina instructed, "take a deep breath and look at the screens, it'll be all over in a few minutes". The countdown for touchdown began.

"Squad, sound off!", Carolina commanded.

"Agent Washington, standing by".

"Wyoming here".

"Michigan, standing by".

"Spartan-117, Standing by".

"Growl". Chief raised an eyebrow at the growl but didn't comment. Orange hot fire glowed on the outside of the insertion vehicles making a beautiful but scary display of nature as they fell deeper into the planets atmosphere. The pods broke through the clouds to reveal the arctic battlefield and a downed destroyer off to the side.

"Deploy airbrakes," Carolina commanded. Almost simultaneously, all the pods opened their airbrakes and rapidly decreased their velocity. The ground quickly approached the squad, and fighting could be seen in the distance.

"Hitting ground in 5â€|4â€|3â€|2â€|1â€|," John's pod smacked into the ground, the door exploded open, "go, go, go!"

John aimed down the DMR and shot rebel soldiers left and right, occasionally engaging in CQC without much effort, he was a demon on the field and he seemed unstoppable.

The other freelancers picked them off with their long ranged weapons, with the exception of Maine, who decided to follow John's lead and charge into the line of fire. _'Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang'. _The sharp sound of weapons firing filled the air until the last rebel dropped to the ground.

"You're a devil mate," Wyoming said, the other Freelancers seemed to agree with nodding heads.

"If it helps you, I was also known as a demon," John replied nonchalantly. Carolina seemed to scoff at that, although she wouldn't admit he scared her.

"Alright let's move on to the real battle," Carolina said. The freelancers replied with a yes ma'am.

John activated the vision enhancement and the others also activated it; instantly the world changed to something similar to an x-ray.

The squad headed towards the downed destroyer's location and found a sprawling firefight between surviving UNSC marines, ill equipped to fight in the snowy conditions and the oppressive insurrectionist's in full snow gear.

John turned to the team, "pick positions on the cliffs and cover yourselves in snow, then start picking off main rebel attackers, I'll be going up close and personal". He then tossed away the DMR, empty of ammunition and pull out his knife.

The squad looked at each and shrugged, they took positions on the cliff and aimed down at the winning rebels. John sneaked behind one and stabbed him in the chest, then turned to the next and soon the rebels were losing the men at a fast rate.

"Where hell is Gattle and Hatle squad?" the rebel commander said. His answer was in the form of the giant Spartan assassinating another fighter.

"Fire!" Carolina said, instantly the Freelancers fired their weapons at the mass of rebels, killing and severely injuring most of them.

What looked like a Rebel victory turned into an insurrectionist massacre; the rebels retreated and the squad picked off stragglers until dozens of bodies littered the ground. A UNSC marine poked his head out of the door.

"Are they gone?" he said, suddenly shocked to find so many dead bodies on the snow.

"Shit, what happened!" another marine exclaimed. The soldiers gasped at the sudden victory.

"We did, marines".

The marines trained their firearms at the squad, who just stepped out of their hidden spots and down the cliffs, John was at the front, crouched and wiping his knife onto the snow.

"Where is your commanding officer," Carolina asked. The marines looked at each other before one spoke up.

"He's at the communications trying to send a beacon for a rescue," he spoke timidly. The Freelancers looked at each other.

"Well, this is what he got, ole chap" Wyoming said.

"Can you take us to him?" Carolina asked. The timid marine nodded and beckoned them to follow him; they complied and soon were inside the ship.

The insides had been twisted, crumpled and ripped to shreds with some parts still 'intact'.

"I'm surprised the majority survived the crash," Michigan commented, "it looks like the ship was tossed into a lumberjack's workshop and came out screwed like this".

Further along the way, marines, shipman and engineers lined the hallways, most on the ground injured or chatting to one another about civilian life.

They finally made it to a bent door frame marked with the words 'Command Centre' in barely legible writing. A short man with a standard Captain's uniform stood over the communications table attempting to start up a radio transmission.

"Damn this stupid hardware, could never last in a small fire, much less a crash landing!" he yelled.

"Sir, we have rescuers," the marine said. The Captain jerked his head in that direction and a bewildered expression came upon him. Then it changed to surprise and happiness.

"Howâ€¦," the man was speechless, a gaping mouth wide enough for several things to fit into. John took the initiative.

"Spartan-117 from the UNSC Mother of Invention, Director Church came to your aid as quick as possible". The man nodded still dazed; he pulled out a small communications microphone and tapped it.

"This is Captain Jeckle, all crew, return to ship and load onto remaining pelicans, we're leaving this ass freezing place".

A soft beep in John's helmet signalled a communication line being activated. "Have you finished your objective?" the Director asked.

"Yes, Sir. What is your status?" John replied.

"We drove them off but have sustained some hull damage, the Invention will have to go back to Reach for repairs".

"We will load up on a pelican then, see you on board sir," John said. The line cut and everyone headed to the hangars. What joy the Captain had was replaced with a crestfallen expression. The place was a mess of vehicles and parts. Only a few pelicans were in the right position to fly.

"Guess we're going to have to make do with what we got," Jeckle said grimly, "Load up on the remaining pelicans and have them ferry groups of peopleâ€¦"

The sound of metal screeching interrupted him, everyone turned and in amazement watched John flip a pelican the right way round.

"You were saying?" John spoke. The squad and everyone were gobsmacked by this impressive feat. Jeckle then just shook his head, a grin graced his cold lips.

"Belay that order and just get people in," he chuckled.

John with the help of Maine, flipped all the pelicans the right way round and after further inspection, only four pelicans were too severely damaged to fly, the others were ready to fly.

The team boarded one pelican. Chief headed to the piloting chair and started the engines. Soon they were off to the Mother of invention

A man sat in his leather chair sipping a glass of whiskey, he was a wanted man, yet here, he was as free as a bird. The room was recently emptied of all officers of the insurrection. A beep from a comm-pad interrupted his relaxing mood. He tapped the receive function.

"What is it?" he spoke.

"News sir, important news, there is a new enemy from Project Freelancer," the man frowned at the news, "It was 2.13 meters tall and clad in similar armour to the agents, it killed twenty of our soldiers in a single fight,".

The man's eyes widened, very important news indeed.

"See to it you bring me more information on this soldier, we will have a problem if this continues," he replied before cutting the communications.

The man got out of his chair and looked outside his window, a sprawling city inside the asteroid spanned the entire glass and further, hundreds and thousands of people lived here, all for one purpose.

To defy the UNSC. If he couldn't keep up the attacks, the populace would come up against him and insurrectionist's loyal to him.

He tapped a button on the comm-pad. Instantly an aide came inside silently. He looked at the young messenger.

"Find me spy master Hein, I need his informative on the Mother of Invention active".

To my Loyal readers,

****I will not be able to post new chapters on the december holidays
Due to my laptop being taken for maintenance. I will however try to
release one more chapter or the beginning of my new story.****

End
file.